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AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

ENGLISHMEN cannot be expected to pay much attention to the details of the curious political history of a country like Austria, where persons whose names we do not know discuss, in languages we scarcely understand, the interests of provinces which, except as geographical expressions, are mere blanks to us. But occasionally Austria, like other remote countries, presents us with a few salient facts which come home to us at once, and make us understand in a general and broad way what great changes are going on. Within the last few days the telegrams and papers have reported to us the following facts about Austria. The Hungarian Diet has adjourned; the Austrian and Italian Governments are on the most cordial footing, and exchanged on New Year's Day assurances of the warmest amity; Austria and Prussia are preparing to act together in the Eastern question; the Austrian constitutional Ministry has been formed, and consists almost exclusively of the moderate Liberals of the Reichsrath; Austrian subjects have been forbidden to enlist in the Papal army; and the representative of Austria at Rome has been instructed to bring the question of repealing or revising the Concordat to an immediate solution. All these announcements are made in the quietest manner, as ordinary facts of ordinary history, and merely what every one expects in the natural order of things. And yet each of them is really the record of an enormous political change, and the circumstance that they are all made so much as matters of course typifies the greatest change of all. Here is Austria the ally of Hungary, the friend of Italy, and guided by Liberal Germans in a rupture with the clerical party. If, ten years ago, any one had been asked to guess the most wonderful thing he could think of as possible in European politics, he could scarcely have ventured on guessing the wonders that have come about in Austria. But in real life nothing happens by chance. Austria has won this great advancement because she has deserved it. It is true that she has had the extraordinary good fortune to be beaten in two great wars, in either of which, if she had been able to make anything like a good show, she might have been encouraged to persevere in her old evil ways, even to this day; but nations do not grow wise merely because they have got the opportunity of learning wisdom. Austria is now on the right road, not only because France and Prussia kicked her in the requisite direction, but in a great degree more because she has got men in her service who have had the sense and courage and honesty to know what to do, and to insist on its being done. To be reconciled with Hungary was of course the right thing for Austria; but then, practically, the question always recurred, how would the Hungarian Diet behave if it was allowed to come into existence? A dual Government is a very bad and dangerous system at the best, and it might have been made impossible from the outset in Austria if the Hungarians, irritated and excited by the long years of their alienation, had shown themselves impracticable, jealous, and overbearing. Fortunately the Hungarians have shown themselves exactly the contrary. They have recognised that they cannot do without Austria any more than Austria can do without them. They have assumed a fair share of the public debt, and are now attending to their own affairs in earnest. The Diet, when it reassembles, will be almost wholly engrossed with measures for developing the system of Hungarian railways. By a stroke of good fortune the harvest in Hungary has been splendid this year, although in far the greater part of the world it has been bad. Consequently there is a vast mass of grain for which large sums can be obtained, so far as it is possible to export it. Hungarian wheat has actually been sent by rail to Bremen, and thence shipped to Brazil in competition with wheat from the United States. The Hungarians have thus

got more money in their pockets than usual, and they see no end to the fortunes they may make, if only they can complete their present very defective system of railways. Hungary is, in some respects, an especially favoured land. It alone of the great produce-growing countries has entirely escaped those diseases which have spread so much ruin elsewhere. In Hungary there has been no vine disease, no cattle disease, and no potato disease. Labour is excessively cheap, and there are splendid coal and iron fields not only existing, but beginning to be made available in the country, which will make it possible to work railways at a tolerably cheap rate. There could not be a country where railways are more needed, or ought to be more successful; and if the Hungarians are sensible and patient they ought to have an excellent railway system. But then they must go to work slowly and sensibly, and avoid the one great danger that lies before them—that of multiplying guarantees and flooding the market with securities by an endeavour to construct all their railways at once, which would involve a burden too great for the country to bear.

Warnings from those who have watched the whole career of Baron VON BEUST have lately been given to the confiding English public against believing him to be really a Liberal. Perhaps he may not be; possibly in the depths of his heart he loves despotism and Ultramontanism; but, if so, he has at any rate the good sense to conceal his feelings, and even to labour in a direction directly contrary to them. If it is he that sways the mind of the EMPEROR, then he has lately swayed him very wisely on more than one point. It must have cost the EMPEROR something to go directly in the teeth of the Ultramontane party, among whom he was brought up and who can exercise great family pressure on him. But his recent advisers saw that there was no choice. Ultramontanism and Constitutionalism cannot exist anywhere as co-equal forces. One of the two must go to the wall, and, as it was decided that Constitutionalism should have its turn, the necessary consequence was that Ultramontanism must retire into the background. This is the meaning of the instructions now stated to have been given to the representative of Austria at Rome. A Concordat exists between Austria and Rome, under which Austria was delivered over, bound hand and foot, to the Ultramontanes. Rome may naturally wish that this should continue, but Austria simply says that its continuance is impossible. As the EMPEROR declares, briefly and frankly summing up the whole matter, the Concordat was all very well when he was an absolute ruler, but it cannot be maintained now that he is a constitutional sovereign. Whether Rome agrees or disagrees, Austria must take its own course, for Austria has given in its adherence to principles, such as the rights of the State, the immunity of all creeds from legal disabilities, the necessity of limiting the amount of clerical supervision over education, and the right of free inquiry, which Rome consistently and unceasingly anathematizes under the general head of modern ideas, and yet all of which it is necessary to uphold in a constitutional country. Then, again, it must have gone sorely against the grain of the EMPEROR's old traditions and feelings to appoint as his authorized advisers and representatives such men as now make his Ministry—men who have long opposed his former Ministers, who have insisted on all kinds of distasteful reforms, and who belong chiefly to a class quite removed from Court circles. But not only were his intimate counsellors of opinion that he ought to have such a Ministry, but they forced these Liberal leaders to become Ministers. The Liberals, knowing themselves to be strange to official life, doubtful of the support they might receive, and afraid, probably, of the social opposition they would encounter, shrank from office. But the EMPEROR most properly forced it on them. It is of the essence of constitutional government that men who once enter public life, lead a party, and promulgate and advocate reforms, should be prepared to take on themselves the personal responsibility of proposing

and carrying out what they say they wish for. That, in fact, has been done in Austria which ought to be done in England when an opportunity occurs. Liberals like Mr. BRIGHT ought, when the next Liberal Ministry is formed, to be called on to say, as Ministers of the Crown, what practical measures they are ready to propose for the remedying of evils in the government like those which they have alleged, when out of office, to exist, but as to which they have only made vague and indefinite statements. It is not undesirable, under a constitutional system, that men taking extreme views should gain prominence. On the contrary, it is through such men that Constitutionalism gains much of its elasticity, and escapes that woodenness which is apt to be its chief defect. Austria has had to thank men of extreme views for the whole of her present position. Statesmanship must sometimes run into extremes, and countries that are worth anything feel this from time to time and admit great changes easily. But the test of statesmanship is office, and it must be reckoned to the credit of the EMPEROR and Baron VON BEUST that they have seen and acted on this, and that the Liberals in Austria have now got both a fair field to work in and a heavy duty laid on them.

It has been very justly said that the true policy of Europe towards Russia is, not to treat it as a barbarian and an outcast, but to penetrate it so far as possible with Western ideas, and to make it in good earnest a member of the European family. The justice of the remark is made obvious in a new way by that which is going on in Austria. She is the last new-comer into that political system which England has watched over with the anxiety of a parent for so many years. She has become a constitutional country, and immediately her external policy as well as her internal policy is changed. She is the friend of Italy, and why? Because she regards her secular interests, and because she does not care, while an Italian alliance is advantageous to her, whether Italy is anathematized and excommunicated or not. The two countries can help each other in a thousand ways, can make each other richer and more prosperous, and give each to the other what it most wants in thoughts, feelings, and habits of life. In South Germany Italians will find abundant specimens of Catholics who are at once sincere, sensible, and learned. In Italy Austrians will find abundant specimens of an aristocracy that has cast away all provincial exclusiveness from the love of liberty and of their country, and for the sake of public duty. And in politics one thing soon leads to another. Austria not only is friendly with Italy, but positively refuses to furnish a single recruit to the Papal army. Austria, who for nearly half a century poured her legions into Italy in order to bow the neck of the Italians under the yoke of the Papacy, now says that to intervene in any way on behalf of the Pope, or to waste an Austrian subject who might turn into a good honest Austrian soldier, and let him turn into a soldier of a foreign Power, like that of Rome, is totally against the whole policy of Austria, and cannot be done. That Austria and Prussia are inclined to draw together on the Eastern question, is a statement which requires confirmation. But if it were true, it would only come as the natural finish of the general change that Austria has undergone. It would indicate that Austria has renounced once for all her German ambition, and that she has realized that her political centre is at Pesth; not that Hungary is to govern the rest of Austria, but that the political aim of the whole of Austria is, not dominion in Germany, but the defence of the Danube. If Austria once accepts this as the key to her foreign policy, Prussia cannot but ally herself cordially with her; for although Germany may have approved of Prussia's leaning on Russia, as against a coalition of France and Austria for the undoing of all that Germany has done in the last eighteen months, yet, if Germany is saved from this danger, her natural pride and her material interests will alike impel her to support Austria in protecting the line of the Danube against Russian encroachment.

EMBARRASSED RAILWAYS.

THE shareholders in the Great Eastern Railway have adopted the natural course of removing nearly all the Board of Directors, for the purpose of substituting administrators who can scarcely be less fortunate than their predecessors. The Committee who have effected the change found almost a cheerful view of the undertaking on the confidence which they repose in a veteran railway politician, and in a nobleman who has risen to eminence in a wholly different department. If experience were sufficient to secure prosperity to the Great Eastern Company, Mr. WATKIN has spent

many active years in the management of railways, and he has lately illustrated his chairmanship of the South-Eastern line by forcing its principal competitor into an amalgamation. No railway Director has devised more elaborate competitive schemes or negotiated more compromises, and it must be supposed that he thoroughly understands the mysteries of railway finance. Lord CRANBORNE's qualifications are of an entirely different order; but the Great Eastern proprietors share the general belief in his ability, his vigour, and his untiring industry. An able man can master almost any practical subject in a few months, and Lord CRANBORNE established a high reputation as Indian Minister, although he held office only half a year. The experiment is judicious, and it will probably be successful if honesty and energy are sufficient to extract a dividend out of the Great Eastern traffic. If Lord CRANBORNE intends to accept the office of Chairman, he will probably regret the loss of the technical aid and information which might have been expected from his principal colleague. Mr. WATKIN, not satisfied with the choice of a majority, has refused to accept a place on the Great Eastern Board, because some of the shareholders expressed a doubt whether the Chairman of two great Companies could find the leisure, or secure the freedom from conflicting engagements, which would be desirable on the part of a Great Eastern Director. If Mr. WATKIN adheres to his decision, it will be necessary to substitute some person who is thoroughly acquainted with railway affairs.

The Report of the Caledonian Committee of Investigation raises questions of principle which are not involved in any mere change of Directors. To a certain extent the Report imputes blame to the present Board, though it happens that the charges now made by the Committee are not precisely the same as those which originally caused the inquiry. Attentive students of the accounts of the Company, observing that the charges for maintenance and repair were unusually low, formed the conclusion that the high dividends of the undertaking had been obtained by insufficient outlay on the line. It now appears that the railway itself, with the rolling stock, is in a satisfactory condition, but that the capital account had been debited with some charges which belong to revenue; and that, in other cases of a more doubtful character, the same course had been pursued. The Committee, though they are less strict in their apportionment of charges than the accountants whom they employ, arrive at the conclusion that within two years sums amounting to 100,000*l.* have been unduly attributed to capital, and they recommend that the excess shall be repaid by instalments, and that, for the future, repairs and maintenance and interest on unproductive capital shall be exclusively provided out of revenue. It is improbable that, except under Parliamentary compulsion, the shareholders will adopt the plan of recouping the capital account out of their income during the next seven years. The proposed arrangement is in the nature of a fine paid for negligence, and penalties are seldom imposed by defaulters on themselves. If Parliament, adopting the suggestion of the Shareholders' Committee, refuses to permit the necessary capital to be raised, the authors of an onerous arrangement will not command the gratitude of the proprietors. As the money has been spent, nothing is to be gained by paying it back; and an unnecessary deduction from income will be naturally unpopular. Objections will, on similar grounds, apply to the opinion of the Committee that the necessary capital ought to be raised in the form of ordinary shares because the fixed charges on the undertaking are already large. The question is of secondary importance, for any preference capital which might be authorized would only take priority, according to its date, immediately before the ordinary stock of the Company. A judicious financier would prefer the mode of issue which would involve the smallest sacrifice to the shareholders, and at present a larger proportional price would be given in the market for a fixed preference than for an ordinary share. If a Company earning six per cent. can float four per cent. preference shares at par, it would be absurd to issue stock entitled to the higher dividend at the same price, except as a bonus to shareholders. When the Company may be expected to earn three per cent., the ordinary stock issued at sixty would impose the same burden as a four per cent. preference at par, but practically it would not be possible to find a market for ordinary shares except on more unfavourable terms. In either case a deduction is made from the incomes of existing shareholders, and it matters little whether the loss occurs through the establishment of a preferential claim, or by the admission of new partners into the firm. A large proportion of fixed charges is advantageous to an elastic undertaking, because every increase of profit beyond the limited dividend accrues

to the benefit of the holders of ordinary stock. Some of the most "prosperous French Railway" Companies have enriched their proprietors by obtaining nine-tenths of their capital in the shape of debentures or preference shares. The Caledonian Committee of Investigation raise a prejudice against their recommendation by the fallacious assumption that fixed charges must in all cases be the heaviest burdens.

The adjustment of revenue and capital accounts is chiefly important in its bearing on the Share-market. The actual proprietors are in a great measure compensated by high dividends for the burdens which they may agree to impose on their joint estate; but purchasers have a right to assume that the published dividends are really the net earnings of the undertaking. When a public investigation has taken place, as in the case of the Caledonian Railway, the buyer of shares has full notice of all the elements of his bargain; and he probably derives an advantage from the excessive depreciation of price which always follows suspicion and adverse criticism. The Committee admit that there may be differences of opinion as to the proper apportionment of certain charges, and that the rules which are embodied in their Report are stricter than the usual practice of Railway Companies; but it is perhaps desirable to counteract the bias of Directors and of shareholders to the arrangement which is most immediately profitable. It seems that many of the principal officers of the Caledonian Company, including some of those who adjusted the accounts, receive a percentage on their salaries proportioned to the dividend. Such a mode of payment tends to stimulate energy, but it must necessarily incline the staff of a railway to encourage the Board in every proposal for charging capital in preference to revenue. The recommendation of the Committee that the practice shall be abolished will command general assent. It is not equally clear that renewals ought to be charged to revenue, when a new and more expensive mode of construction is adopted. Steel rails cost between two and three times as much as iron rails, and they last at least six times as long. If they had been laid down at points and stations when the railway was made, they must have been provided out of the capital; and it would seem that the additional expenditure, as it is calculated to produce profit in the form of saving, ought to be placed to the same account. The instructions of the Caledonian Board to the engineer as to the mode of charging permanent improvements appear to be consistent with sound principle. Enlargements of stations, iron and stone substituted for wood, and similar additions to the value of the property, were in all cases to be set down to the capital account. The question whether the original cost of the work now improved ought to be deducted in the calculation is not without difficulty. The increase in the value of the property is measured by the superiority of the later construction; but it might be plausibly contended that experiments and makeshifts are in many cases a necessary part of the outlay on any important work. The doctrine that all payments ought to be made from revenue, because a Railway Company receives nothing but its earnings, involves a practical fallacy which is most easily exposed by applying the same rule to any ordinary business. A shopkeeper who requires a plate-glass window, or a manufacturer who erects new machinery, in almost all cases charges the improvement to capital; or, in other words, he does not stint his ordinary domestic expenditure. If shareholders are to pay out of annual receipts for permanent additions to the value of their property, either improvements will not be made, or shares will cease to be saleable. It is not necessarily injudicious either to borrow money for purposes of trade, or to admit new partners into an established concern. The general impression produced by the Caledonian Report was correctly indicated by the sudden rise of price on Monday last, and by the general buoyancy of the Share-market. The subsequent reaction only proves that the general and permanent causes of depression are not removed by the partial alleviation of one special form of anxiety.

ITALIAN POLITICS.

THE evident anxiety of the King of ITALY to retain M. MENABREA in his post has been made the subject of much hostile and unfair remark. It is true that an acrimonious discussion in the Chamber last month ended in the defeat of M. MENABREA's Cabinet by a bare nominal majority. From a secure distance nothing is simpler than to advise VICTOR EMMANUEL to follow the practices of the British Constitution, and at once to send for "the Leader of the Opposition" to form a new Ministry. In England, up to the present year, there have generally been two great parties. The defeat of

one of them in a great Parliamentary division means, as a rule, that the country wishes the reins of office to be transferred for a time to the other. Italy is not as yet a land of Whigs and Tories. Nobody can deny that M. MENABREA remains on sufferance only; but there is no compact body in the Chamber to supply him with a natural successor. A coalition Cabinet, composed of the various sections of the majority, in the jarred and uneasy state of Italy, is practically impossible. M. MENABREA has only four or five conceivable rivals. To send for RATTAZZI would be to abandon the policy of peace and conciliation to secure which the KING has risked his own popularity. Some weeks back, when such a step seemed to be within the limits of possibility, it was rejected, from a wish to abstain from any needless diplomatic rupture with the French EMPEROR. A certain breathing time has now intervened, and perhaps NAPOLEON III. would shrink from recalling his Ambassador at Florence simply because a man with whom he has quarrelled was summoned to the KING's counsels. But it is clear that a RATTAZZI Cabinet would come into office upon the "platform" of defying France, and sooner or later a violent breach between the two countries would follow. The question is whether M. RATTAZZI is worth this price. VICTOR EMMANUEL seems to believe that he is not, and no one can dispute the prudence of the Royal view. M. RICASOLI, on the other hand, leads no solid party at all. His honesty and independence command general respect, though even his Cabinet has been of late accused of a Garibaldian intrigue. But he can neither manage the KING nor lead the Parliament, nor administer affairs in a competent manner. M. CIALDINI, finally, has the gout, or the rheumatism—or some such convenient excuse. He will not undertake the task of governing when the KING is pulling one way and Parliament another; and, indeed, there is no great inducement for him to do so. He is a Radical and a soldier, and would possibly spend his time in alternately "roughing" the Opposition, and showing spirit and temper towards France. No other man that has been mentioned is a whit more likely to obtain confidence. M. MENABREA is a *pis aller*; but these are critical times, in which a *pis aller* is the best choice. The one thing necessary is to carry on the Government of Italy until she has time to rally herself, and to settle her future line of action. It remains to be seen whether M. MENABREA will be permitted by the Chamber to undertake the work of reorganizing the country, for which it is too possible that he is partially unfitted.

The serenity of the coming Session will not be improved by the distribution among the Deputies of the "suppressed" documents, the publication of which was threatened during the recent debate by GUALTERIO, and challenged by RATTAZZI. They will not add much to what is already known with respect to the Garibaldian enterprise. The events of the autumn of 1867 sufficiently suggested as a plausible inference that, from at least the beginning of the summer of 1867, M. RATTAZZI had looked with no unfriendly eye on the insurrectionary movement on the Papal frontier; but his vehement assertions that he was in no way consenting to it deserve to be treated with attention. In common with all Europe, M. RATTAZZI doubtless was cognizant of the designs of the extreme party; but it may be true that he was powerless to repress a conspiracy in which half the Italian public had a share. Aiders and abettors of the insurgents were to be found in every public office, custom-house, railway station, and prefecture. The Chamber itself furnished leaders and advisers to the national cause. If the complicity of his agents were enough to fasten on M. RATTAZZI the charge of fraudulent personal intrigue, the evidence would press hardly on him; but though a Minister is politically responsible for the malfeasance of his subordinates, it would be monstrous to insist that he was himself guilty of their several acts of immorality and intrigue. The Naples telegram, of which so much is made, carries the case against him no further than all the facts which were known last November, and M. RATTAZZI has a right to point with dignity to the fact that, until the French Government had finally decided on a second intervention, they had in all their despatches fully admitted the legality and good faith of the Government against which they now eagerly inveigh. The new evidence will neither bring M. RATTAZZI nearer to, nor remove him further from, power in Italy than he was before. No strong wish in any quarter is felt for his immediate return to office. But his late Parliamentary speeches have had the effect of making him seem for the time the representative of Italian unity, and he is just now the favourite actor on whom the pit and the gallery are showering their wreaths. His reception at Naples was openly intended as a demonstration against French policy, and the Garibaldian

hymns with which his appearances in public are heralded show that the lazy Neapolitan politicians have no clear conception of any wide difference between one sort of patriot and another. Even moderate Southern Liberals appear to have desired to concur in warmly welcoming the one Italian statesman who denounced the invectives of M. ROUHER and M. DE MOUSTIER as an outrage to the Italian people and their KING. Though popular manifestations will not bring M. RATTAZZI back to the leadership of public affairs, it is certain that his out-of-doors popularity increases the difficulties of M. MENABREA. The final attempt of the MENABREA Cabinet to destroy M. RATTAZZI's political reputation was imprudent in the extreme. He has plenty of enemies; but he has sufficient strength in the Chambers to make it impossible for a MENABREA Cabinet to exist on Conservative principles. Another dissolution would, in the opinion of well-informed Italians, result in a still further accession of strength to the Left and the Left Centre.

The Italians are beginning, not merely to look forward in their own good time to breaking with France, but to suspect, with a certain anxiety, that France may sooner or later break finally with them. The story of Lord CLARENDON's fugitive transit through the political circles of Florence, and of the Cassandra-like predictions in which he is reported to have indulged, is one of the winter scandals which always attend the Continental tours of harmless British statesmen. Lord CLARENDON's familiarity with the politics of Europe renders him in all probability an interesting conversationalist, but his private after-dinner talk is not as yet a suitable matter for the telegraph or the leading article. The Italians are sufficiently alive to their own dangers, without requiring to wait for an English nobleman to come and enlighten them; and the suggestions which are represented as an inspiration of Lord CLARENDON's are nothing but the casual unarranged ideas which have floated through many minds, and been the topics of many breakfast tables. The courtesies exchanged at this season of the year between Paris and Florence are not supposed anywhere to mean much. M. NIGRA's absence from the New Year's reception at the Tuileries was an indication of the value of the affectionate personal despatches which, according to the *Moniteur*, are always passing between Sovereigns, though, in order to lessen the appearance of design, it was ingeniously arranged that M. NIGRA should not be the only absentee. As NAPOLEON III. could not have uttered a single syllable which would not have been warped by partisans and speculators into the most opposite interpretations, it is as well that, as far as Italy is concerned, the Tuileries should have begun the New Year with silence. Italian commentators, for want of material, have been reduced to the melancholy necessity of extracting political significance from the naked fact that the EMPEROR spoke in terms of courtesy to his own Archbishop—a clear sign of untold sympathy with the more Liberal tendencies of Catholicism. Since the *Critic*, no Lord BURLEIGH's nod has ever contained more latent meaning. The astonishing gloss which had been placed on the EMPEROR's language to the new envoy from the North-German Confederation excited anxieties everywhere which had to be allayed by explicit denials and explanations in the official Paris papers. As it is unnecessary at the moment to consider the feelings of Italy, no Imperial journalist has as yet devoted himself to the task of proving that when HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY inquired after the ARCHBISHOP's health, he meant to insinuate no opinion on the subject of the sales of Church Property in Italy, or the restoration of the Romagna to the POPE. If Italians were to endeavour to construct the horoscope of Italy simply from what has been, during the last few years, the temper and wish of the French EMPEROR, they would require no Lord CLARENDON to help them with information. Nothing is more probable than that NAPOLEON III. still occasionally recurs with stubborn fidelity to thoughts of an Italian Confederacy. In the great waste-paper basket of the Tuileries there are many such paper schemes. There have been maps of Europe without end, each for its own incoming year, redistributing the rivers, the mountains, and the seas, on a grand and Providential scale. There have also been maps of America, constructed in the interests of the Latin race. No doubt there has been a map of Italy, just as there has been one of Poland, Germany, Belgium, and even Mexico. But as yet HIS MAJESTY's maps have come to singularly little. As a French idealist, he is vigorous and pushing; but his geography of the future never turns out accurate. If he had spent his leisure hours since his accession to the throne in remapping the moon, he would have occupied his time as profitably to himself, and with far less expenditure of money and of men

to France. In every case he has failed to allow in his calculations for the resistance of a world which cannot be conquered like Paris by a midnight *coup d'état*. Contemporary history has found out a secret by which to cope with the EMPEROR's iron will. He can be broken down by sheer dogged patience; his ambitions are more permanent than his resolutions; he never loses sight of a personal success to be achieved, but he often loses hold, or is forced to loose it, of a political purpose. The fact that NAPOLEON III. still hankers after the project put forward by him at the close of the Lombardy campaign really would, if true, be less important than Italian panic-mongers seem disposed to make it. The EMPEROR has had enough of flying his paper kites on foreign soil, and will not repeat in Italy the blunder of Mexico. For the present, unless in the event of actual hostilities between the two countries, the Italians may rest satisfied that the EMPEROR is not likely to burden himself with the difficulties of any plan for violently dissolving Italian unity. And if they themselves are constant to their aims, their best policy is expressed in M. RATTAZZI's assertion that twenty-five millions of citizens can afford to wait.

FAMILY DEPENDENTS.

IN these hard times families who are not very rich, and who yet are tolerably well off, have other difficulties to struggle against than those which arise from the diminishing value of fixed incomes. Their dependents give them an amount of trouble which increases every year, which causes a great amount of anxiety and vexation, and makes a very serious inroad into the happiness of life. Rich people get on pretty well, or at least are not sensible of the discomforts which agitate their household. Poor people have to take, and to take with some kind of patience, the nuisance of unsatisfactory dependents, as one of the inevitable burdens, and by no means one of the worst burdens, of their poverty; and the majority of poor people really suffer less from this cause, because they are more on a level with their servants, and all the household huddles and struggles on together. But people who have a fair income but an unostentatious establishment, and wish above all things to get for their money cleanliness, order, refinement, and education for their children, lead an existence of depressing disappointment in consequence of the extreme badness of the article which is provided for the supply of their demand for decent dependents. They cannot get either good governesses or good servants. It is worse than useless to speak with exaggeration, and no one can deny that every now and then a good governess is to be met with, and in some country neighbourhoods honest and active servants are still to be found. But the run of English governesses and the run of English servants are simply deplorable. The governesses know nothing and are almost wholly uneducated, and they get worse instead of better. This is partly owing to the value now put upon foreign languages. The small amount of money and time which a governess of the usual kind is able in her youth to spend on learning is exhausted in the endeavour to gain the rudiments of French and German. She must also play decently on the piano. But a young woman coming from an uneducated home, and then having a preparation for her future life for a couple of years at an inferior boarding-school, cannot do more than learn a little French and German in the time, and make a little progress with her music. After she once goes out, she has no time for educating herself further, and the consequence is that governesses are almost wholly unacquainted with English. They know nothing whatever of English literature, and nothing more of English history than they pick up out of abridgments and manuals. They are not at all like educated persons, and have none of the notions and manners which education gives. If they are ladies by birth who have been thrown unexpectedly into poverty and have to gain their livelihood, they are still less able to teach. A woman who had no thought of teaching, or time for it, and who has made no preparation for it, cannot all of a sudden become a good teacher simply because she happens to have no money. As to servants, their ways of going on are heartrending. It is not that they are really very bad, but that they have got into a thoroughly bad way of regarding service. They take a place just as travellers put up at an inn in a strange village—to get something to eat, and while away a little time in a new scene. Directly the new-comers have looked about them in the family that employs them, and have shown their tawdry finery in a few of those promenades with admirers which they pleasantly call going to evening church, and have created and collected a little gossip, off they go. They live in an age of locomotion,

of cheap common clothes, and of a great amount of diffused wealth. They know this, and act on their knowledge. They can easily get away, they can always make some sort of show, and the number of people who must have them is so great that they can always get employment. The notion of doing faithful, persistent service is as foreign to them as the notion of going to early matins is to a bagman. They lead a shiftless, discontented, restless life, until at last their day is over, and they fade off into abject poverty and misery.

It is one of the most provoking parts of the goings-on both of governesses and servants that they will not even attend to their own interests. There is a superabundance of governesses, and many of them are in great distress because they cannot get employment. A clergyman lately wrote from Paris warning governesses against going there on the bare chance of getting situations; and he stated that there are hundreds of misguided creatures who have gone on this hopeless errand to Paris, and are literally starving there. But, with all the difficulties they know they have to contend with, they still are their own worst enemies. They throw all kinds of obstacles in the way if a situation is offered them, and will make very few sacrifices to retain it when they have got one. They scarcely ever save money, and still more rarely think of improving themselves and studying when they go through their sad periods of enforced leisure. They always hope something will happen. Some heroic being, straight out of a novel, will marry them; or, at the worst, they can start as candidates for admission into some charitable institution. Almost all this comes from their want of education. They have not sufficient of the feelings of educated persons to conceive what self-improvement means, or to take any interest in reading, or to regard their future from the point of view of common sense. Accordingly, they get more hopeless as they get older, and rapidly sink into one of the two standing types of governesses—the dowdy depressed type, or the flighty type with smart dirty bonnets. They are very much to be pitied, of course, and ought to be well and considerately treated in the families in which they live; and they generally are very fairly treated, and might be happy enough if they had sufficient education and self-respect not to take perpetual affronts. To improve their lot is a matter of serious public importance, and few additions to the purchasing power of a fairly good income would be more gratefully welcomed than that it should be possible to get a good governess for a fair sum. No sensible parents wish to economize in the payment of those who educate their children, but at present the money will not purchase the article wanted. Good governesses are not to be had by merely paying for them. They can only be supplied if the whole level of education in the class from which they come is raised. Will this ever be done, and can it be done? We think it will be done, because it can be. Before long we shall awake to the extremely foolish character of the whole of our middle-class education. The idea of good middle-class schools for boys has already dawned on the British public, and we may confidently expect that when the Report of the Schools Commission is published, and it is shown what ought to be done, and what ample means for doing it exist, we shall see this little bud of promise expand into a full-grown flower. But a good system of public middle-class education for girls in England is only a dream of the future as yet. It will come, however, and when it does come, then, and not till then, we shall get good governesses. It will then be required, as a matter of course, that a governess should be able to produce a diploma, and this diploma will, we may suppose, be one satisfying a standard of proficiency set by men. A young woman of whom a properly qualified male examiner certified that she had come up to a fair standard of general education would be quite a different person from the forlorn creatures who are now brought up, as they call it, for governesses. This system has been for many years in operation on the Continent, and with most beneficial results. There is no reason whatever, except reasons prompted by indolence and prejudice, why it should not be adopted in England; and nothing, we feel sure, is so likely to lead to the early establishment of a good system as that ordinary well-to-do English families should be convinced that they have a pecuniary interest in its establishment, and that they will themselves get more for the money they spend on education if they help to make the public educate those who are to educate their children.

Servants, unfortunately, cannot be much improved by education. In some way which we cannot discern they are, we suppose, made better by going to National Schools; but this supposition is based simply on general principles, and is

apparently contradicted by experience. The causes, too, which make them bad are on too large a scale to permit us to hope for any change for the better. The break-down of the old parochial system of religion and morality is one of the chief of these causes, and a system that should replace and excel this old system is not to be built up in a day. Young women in these days no more respect their clergyman, because he is their clergyman, than they respect NEBUCHADNEZZAR. Both seem remote beings with a sort of Sunday-school sacredness about them, but with whom grown-up people have nothing to do. The other great cause of their shortcomings is the spread of wealth in England, and we can neither wish nor expect that this cause should cease to operate. Not that there is any want of servants. The demand has not exhausted the supply, and a warning from New York, very like the warning from Paris, has recently been sent to the effect that domestic servants have come over in much too great a number from England, and that no one will hire them. But the employers on both sides of the Atlantic say exactly the same thing. They can get a great many bad servants, but very few good ones. The vast number of employers created by the wealth of England tempts persons to become servants, but it makes them much worse servants than they would be in a poorer country, for they can always get places. This facility is unfortunately much increased by the great laxity that prevails about characters. In the hurry to get servants which must prevail when a great number of tolerably wealthy people are spending a large portion of their means in receiving and entertaining, and in the indifference which is at last provoked by a long wearisome succession of failures in the attempt to get good servants, the truth about a servant is neither asked nor told. This is an evil which a moderate amount of sense and prudence on the part of employers would go far to remedy; and if servants are to be improved, it must be in the first instance by employers resolutely going through the inconvenience of being without servants. There is also one other thing which employers could do if they would take the trouble, which, although a slight thing in itself, would, we believe, do more to improve servants than many far more pretentious schemes. They could, while giving good wages, stipulate that a small portion of the wages should be paid quarterly into a savings-bank, to remain there until a certain time had elapsed or the hiring came to an end. In the first place, this might make servants less willing to leave, although we own that to some minds the temptation of leaving, for the mere object of throwing away all the money on a very short visit to London, would be irresistible. But this would not generally be the case, for the possession of a little money is the basis of almost all self-respect in every class, and the servants with savings would have a little sense and prudence instilled into them. Maids are so constituted that not only will they give their hearts at once to the first butcher's boy they see in a new place, but they will at once give the second butcher's boy the reversion in their affections, supposing the arrangement with the first comes to nothing. They are not so much willing, as furious, to marry; but if it were a question of giving, not only their hearts but their savings, they might learn to hesitate. Even a couple of sovereigns might be enough to impart a rudimentary modesty and coyness to their behaviour; and as they rose in the scale of being, avarice at last might triumph over vanity, and they might learn that they could not at the same time nurse the love of money in the bank and the love of gaudy cotton-velvet bonnets.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF RUSSIA.

THERE is much truth in the common belief that the external policy of Russia never substantially varies; but the most pertinacious of statesmen and of Governments are compelled to recognise the changes which occur in other countries. In one important respect an entire revolution has taken place in the doctrines of Russian diplomacy. For an entire generation after the close of the great war, ALEXANDER I. and NICHOLAS affected to represent the cause of legitimacy and of absolutism in Europe. ALEXANDER himself was the inventor of the Holy Alliance, and, notwithstanding the liberal fancies of his youth, he became the most zealous enemy of freedom at home and abroad. His successor was fanatically devoted to the cause of despotism, and at the same time he maintained his influence with foreign Governments by the support which he was always ready to lend them against revolution and innovation. The Emperor ALEXANDER favoured the Austrian policy in Italy, and he was a

prime mover of the Duke of ANGOULÊME's irrational expedition into Spain. After the Revolution of 1830 the Emperor NICHOLAS refused to admit LOUIS PHILIPPE into the family of Sovereigns; and although, like his brother, he had been always bitterly hostile to Prince METTERNICH, he reconquered Hungary for Austria in 1849, and in 1850 he compelled his Prussian brother-in-law to withdraw his troops from Holstein, and to accept the terms of peace which had been refused when they were proposed by Austria. FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. was habitually cowed by the sterner character of NICHOLAS, who knew how to play on his sentimental leanings and on his belief in the divine right of his Crown. For a century and a half Russia had cultivated marriage connexions with the smaller States of the Empire and the Confederation, and many of the German princes had become domestic or military clients of the reigning family of St. Petersburg. Even in England, the Tory aristocracy had taught themselves to regard Russia as the champion of order, although the Emperor NICHOLAS openly professed his preference for democracy over Parliamentary systems of government. The destruction of the Polish Constitution after the rising of 1830 was applauded by the reactionary party all over Europe as a triumph of lawful authority over popular insubordination. The truth that violent change is equally revolutionary whether it tends to increase or diminish the power of the Executive Government was familiar to the Greeks, to the Romans, and to Englishmen in former times; and it is only since 1793 that despots have succeeded in identifying the destruction of chartered rights with the suppression of anarchy.

Since the Crimean war, the Conservative professions of Russia have been discontinued, and the policy of the Empire is wholly regulated by considerations of external advantage. In 1828 the backwardness of England, and the alliance of CHARLES X. with Russia, had deterred Prince METTERNICH from offering armed assistance to Turkey; but in 1855 Austria, without openly adhering to the Western alliance, occupied the Danubian Principalities, and finally exerted the pressure which ended in the conclusion of peace. From that time the resentment of Russia has been on many occasions ostentatiously displayed, and the Slavonic propagandism which had been devised for the disturbance of Turkey is now impartially employed for the future dismemberment of Austria. One result of the breach between the two great Eastern monarchies has been the favour shown by Russia to the cause of Italy, notwithstanding the unexpected intervention of Piedmont in the Crimean war. It suited the purpose of the Russian Government to recognise the undoubted fact that CAVOUR sent his contingent to the East, not to defend Turkey, but to establish a claim on the good offices of England and France, and to advertise the world of the intention of Italy to become an independent Power. During the twelve years which have elapsed since the peace, Russian diplomacy has been entirely regardless of the domestic politics of the States with which it has entered into negotiations. The union of the Danubian Principalities was concerted with France; but when a dynastic revolution followed, Russia refused to recognise the new ruler, although he was probably in himself not less acceptable than his predecessor. To Austria alone there has been no intermission of unfriendly feeling, nor are reasons wanting for the hostility which has been equally felt on both sides. The Government of Vienna has become the protector of the Poles, having been always the natural ally of Turkey; nor has the close and long-standing alliance between Russia and Prussia failed to create an additional ground of antagonism towards Austria.

The two Imperial Governments had always competed with one another for the exercise of political patronage over the petty princes of Germany; but the events of 1866 have rendered the rivalry for influence unmeaning and obsolete. The German nation, under the guidance of Prussia, now pursues a policy of its own, without reference to the separate interests or inclinations of the little Courts which are allowed to preserve a ceremonial existence. For the present, Prussia is allied with Russia, because both Powers have a possible enemy in France, which, after hoping to retain a control over the South-Western German States, has now, for obvious reasons, entered into cordial relations with Austria. Whatever may be the terms or the tendency of the understanding between Prussia and Russia, the political dictation which was habitually practised by NICHOLAS in the days of FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. has passed away for ever. The Russian Government will not attempt to interfere in any contest between the Prussian Minister and the Parliament, and probably it would see without dissatisfaction the accession of the Liberal party to power, as it would regard with unqualified satisfaction the

triumph of extreme democracy. The Conservative policy of Russia as applied to foreign States was always artificial, for an absolute monarchy, secure against domestic change, has no motive for propagating its own institutions in neighbouring countries. The power of the Emperor of RUSSIA in his own dominions is not the less irresistible because Western Europe is adopting Parliamentary forms of government, while American democracy professes an unqualified devotion to the Russian alliance. The Liberal party which exists among the Russian nobility has never been able to acquire substantial power; and, in the absence of a middle-class, the union of the EMPEROR with the peasantry is necessarily irresistible. No other Government would be strong enough to enforce a prohibition of intercourse between the Roman Catholic clergy and the POPE; but the most despotic and tyrannical measures of the EMPEROR coincide with the prejudices of the majority of the people. A power so firmly rooted can derive no additional strength from the encouragement of any special form of government outside the frontier.

In future, the interference of Russia with the affairs of Central or Western Europe will be prompted and regulated by the power and inclination of each several State to promote or retard the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. The signature attached by Italy to the recent Note on the affairs of Crete was an acknowledgment of the friendly feeling which Russia has for several years professed, and the English Government was simultaneously assured that the menace would not be followed by any active measures of hostility. The concurrence of Prussia in the same communication was consistent with the settled policy of a Government which feels or affects entire indifference to Eastern complications. There is reason to hope that the attack with which the Ottoman dominions are threatened may still be postponed, although some politicians allege that the Russian Government is urged by internal difficulties into aggressive designs. Little is known of the domestic condition of the Empire; but it is probable that the great social and economical revolution of the present reign must, even if it has produced a large balance of advantage, have caused much distress and dissatisfaction. The activity of the Government in establishing the predominance of the native Russian party is not wholly intelligible. There seems to be no adequate reason for irritating the German inhabitants of the North-Western provinces, who have hitherto exercised in favour of the Government an influence proportioned, not to their scanty numbers, but to their superior intelligence. If great Powers regarded consistency, there would be a strange anomaly in the persecution or vexation of Germans on the Baltic coast, while Slavonic societies and congresses are instituted for the purpose of detaching the Bohemians and the Serbs from their allegiance to Austria. The efforts which have been made to destroy the language and national character of Poland will have been unwise, as well as oppressive, unless they are completely successful. It is not improbable that Austria may find in Poland an opportunity of retaliation for the intrigues of Russia in the Slavonic provinces. For actual war there is reason to hope that Russia is unprepared, notwithstanding the supposed army of 1,400,000 men which causes uneasiness to M. ROUHER. The finances of the Empire are not in a flourishing condition, and it seems that there is local distress in some of the provinces. There is a partial security for peace in the general reprobation which awaits the first promoter of a European war; but, unlike Prussia or France, Russia has something to gain by a conflict, because she has a frontier which may be advanced by conquest.

FENIANISM.

ALTHOUGH the Fenian conspirators pursue their occupation indiscriminately in England and in Ireland, the danger to be apprehended, and the methods of repression which must be adopted, are not necessarily the same in both countries. Recent investigations have indeed proved that Fenian treason is active in England, although, except when attempts are made to rescue imprisoned ringleaders, the schemes which have been disclosed appear to be idle and purposeless. One Irish patriot places a packet of combustibles in the letter-box of a post-office, in the vague hope of murdering some unknown Englishman; another boasts of a probably imaginary intention of blowing up a railway station; and a third, with a more intelligible object in view, gratuitously communicates to a stranger his desire to take away, if possible, the Government rifles from the Small Arms Factory at Enfield. The Fenian agents in Merthyr, and other towns and districts which contain a large Irish population, can scarcely fail to be aware that, in any local attempt at insurrection, they would be out-

numbered and crushed. The conspirators at Merthyr seem, according to the statements of the informer, to have intended that their accomplices, when they had been drilled and armed, should make their way to Ireland, for the purpose of joining at some indefinite time in a rebellion; yet it is possible that the desire to disturb the peace of England might, if the leaders had not been arrested, have resulted in some open outrage. There is little reason to fear that, even if recent follies are repeated, any outbreak will be attempted in England. The funeral processions in honour of the Manchester murderers will not be revived, as it has now been fully ascertained that no sympathy is to be expected even from the most disorderly of the English rabble. In some parts of the North the Roman Catholics and the Irish have publicly protested against the Fenian outrages; and even in Ireland Roman Catholic journalists dispute the expediency of isolated acts of violence, which can by no possibility promote the main object of the conspirators. Cardinal CULLEN, in a formal sermon preached before the Corporation of Dublin, exhorts the faithful to pray for their enemies—meaning the English Government and people, and the Protestant community—in preference to blowing them up with barrels of gunpowder. The language of the Cardinal is perhaps more offensive than the bluster of a drunken Fenian, but it is dictated by a just appreciation of the most effective mode of opposing English rule. If a Pole were insane enough to contrive an explosion of gasworks at Petersburg or Moscow, he would not exhibit even the questionable patriotism of the assassin who tried to murder the Emperor ALEXANDER at Paris.

For all cases which may occur in England the ordinary law will be amply sufficient; and it has happily been found that Irish juries are prepared to do their duty on the trial of Fenian prisoners. The proposal to institute martial law—or, in other words, to suspend the operation of law—was as monstrous as the argument deduced from the Jamaica troubles of 1866 was absurd. The difficulty is to discover the Fenian plots, and to arrest the criminals; nor has there, up to the present time, been the smallest impediment to the infliction of punishment, wherever there was adequate proof of guilt. The zealous advocates of martial law are enamoured, not so much of the facility of accelerating the course of justice, as of the habit of dispensing with evidence which often characterises young officers who find themselves transformed into judges. One of the members of a Jamaica Court-Martial publicly explained that he had not sentenced any prisoners except those who were sent to him for that purpose by his superiors; and probably he was not solitary in his belief that a military judge was an executive rather than a judicial functionary. In recent Irish cases the exuberant zeal which was exhibited in Jamaica would have been wholly useless; for even a drumhead Court-Martial cannot try a prisoner until he is discovered and apprehended. The men who plundered the gun-makers of Cork were never seen by any witnesses who can be found, except by the inmates of the shop; and at one time sceptics even insinuated that the invisible marauders were also non-existent. The attack on the Martello tower, and the robbery of powder in the suburbs of Cork, have been followed by no arrests; and, consequently, it is at present immaterial to determine the mode in which the perpetrators of those acts are to be tried. Some of those who consider that martial law is the only remedy for disaffection would not be contented with the summary trial of prisoners without an unlimited power of arresting on suspicion. The Government has already obtained from Parliament power to detain suspected persons without legal proof of guilt; but it would be a grievous abuse to employ an exceptional authority in bringing prisoners before irregular tribunals. If an insurrection should at any time occur in Ireland, it will of course be necessary to repel force by force, and perhaps even to entrust certain judicial functions to military officers; but nothing can be more mischievous than to anticipate a state of things which would imply that the law had become temporarily inapplicable or inoperative. If extraordinary measures become indispensable, it will be the duty of Parliament to determine the limits of any new powers which may be conceded to military or civil functionaries, and to provide securities against the excesses which have been committed in former rebellions, both in Ireland and the colonies. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England lately expounded, in a voluminous judgment, the simple and accurate doctrine that martial law is unknown to English jurisprudence, and that the necessities of self-defence and of the protection of public order are not to be defined by any code. A powerful writer, who afterwards replied that martial law, or the exertion of force in vindication of authority,

was anterior to all other law, unconsciously enunciated, in the form of a striking paradox, the same proposition which the CHIEF JUSTICE had conveyed in diffuse and rhetorical phrases. A premature resort to force as a substitute for law would almost justify the defence of the Manchester criminals which is propounded by a little cluster of extreme French Jacobins. Measures which are seldom justifiable except in civil war would be regarded as an admission that vulgar crimes committed in a time of profound peace were either belligerent acts or political offences.

It is idle to argue with zealots who, after declaring that human life is inviolable, defend the conduct of ALLEN and his accomplices because they only killed "two horses and an agent of police." The regard for the sanctity of life which is exhibited in the precedence given to a horse over a constable is in the highest degree characteristic of the followers of ROBESPIERRE, who also at one time professed an insurmountable aversion to capital punishment. It is because human life is entitled to all possible protection that murderers are hanged. The sanctity of the lives of the assassins of General BREA, whose case is with much candour quoted by M. PYAT's friends, would have been respected if they had not thought fit to murder, with the basest treachery, a general officer in the discharge of his duty. The feeling of Englishmen is opposed, in almost all cases, to the infliction of capital punishment for treasonable acts which have not resulted in actual violence. Even where there had been an insurrection in the spring of last year, it was in deference to the general wish that the sentence on the rebel leaders was commuted by the Government. The moral sense of the country must have degenerated seriously before similar immunity is extended to those who destroy life in pursuance of a seditious design, when there is not even a pretence of insurrection or civil war. The French Government has never been blamed for executing ORSINI, nor the Russian Government for inflicting the extreme penalty on the criminal who attempted to assassinate the Emperor. In the United States, plots for burning Northern cities during the war were not treated either as acts of war or as political offences, and the accomplices in the murder of MR. LINCOLN and the attack on MR. SEWARD were, amid universal approbation, punished as ordinary criminals; although the moral effect of the sentences would perhaps have been greater if the offenders had been remitted to the Civil Courts. Extraordinary tribunals, even when their decisions are substantially just, command little respect or confidence. The Fenian apologists have seldom pretended that their accomplices have not committed the acts of which they have been convicted, although they have sometimes libelled the presiding judges, and always censured the Government for enforcing the execution of the law.

MR. SEELY AND THE ADMIRALTY.

IT is an old maxim of Parliamentary debaters that bold assertion will often serve as a substitute for a good case; but, fortunately for the interests of truth, tactics of this not very ingenuous kind do occasionally meet with the retribution they deserve. There is no department of Government in which the value of a confident denial is more fully appreciated than by the Admiralty; and it is therefore the more interesting to find an issue raised in a naval debate fairly tried, and ripe for the public verdict. Such a case will be found in a recent Return of Correspondence relating to the *Frederick William*, the *Brisk*, and the *Cadmus*. As it has taken a whole year to sift the facts, our readers may have forgotten the rather remarkable discussion out of which the question arose. MR. SEELY, in one of his searching criticisms on the imbecilities of the Dockyards, was dilating on the vast amount of misplaced expenditure to be traced in the Admiralty accounts, and he illustrated his argument by citing the figures relating to three ships—the *Frederick William*, the *Brisk*, and the *Cadmus*. MR. SEELY stated that the *Frederick William* had cost the country—if the proper allowance for artificers, pensions, interest, and the like, were added—281,691*l.*; and that a similar ship could be bought for 134,453*l.*, according to a calculation founded on Government returns of what had been paid for other ships of a somewhat different class, with the correction necessary to be made on account of this difference. MR. SEELY had also stated that the *Brisk* had cost 43,498*l.* for repairs, including the same kind of additions as in the case of the *Frederick William*, though she might have been built for 49,321*l.*, which, after allowing for the value of the old ship, would no doubt have given the country a new ship at less expense than was required for patching up an old one. A similar charge was based upon the outlay on the *Cadmus*,

which, according to Mr. SEELY, cost for repairs, reckoned on the principle which he explained and insisted on, no less a sum than 65,800*l.*, while her value as a new ship would have been only 68,278*l.* Of course these grave accusations might have been met in either of two ways. It was open to the Admiralty to say, and to prove by argument if possible, that Mr. SEELY had arrived at his figures by taking a wrong principle on which to estimate the outlay on these ships. How much ought to be added to the sums officially returned as the proper percentage of establishment expenses, and the legitimate charge for interest on capital sunk in the Dockyards, is a question which, in all such cases, affords a large scope for ingenious replies. But whether it was because this argument had been worn threadbare and fairly seen through on former occasions, or, as is more likely, because the FIRST LORD saw that he could not possibly stretch it far enough to justify the expenditure on these ships, even according to his own mode of calculation, or for any other reason, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON did not think it advisable to rest his defence on any such question of principle. On the contrary, he asserted that Mr. SEELY's statements as he made them were, according to Sir JOHN's sincere belief—based on the information which had been furnished from the Dockyards—monstrously incorrect, and that it would be impossible for Mr. SEELY to verify them.

Ever since the Admiralty were compelled to plead guilty in the famous case of SEELY's pigs, it has been their obvious interest, and no doubt their sincere desire, to catch their formidable accuser tripping, if only in a single instance, among the multitude of grave charges which he has substantiated of Dockyard folly and extravagance; and Sir JOHN PAKINGTON naturally jumped at an opportunity, which he no doubt hoped and believed that he had found, of convicting Mr. SEELY of a miscalculation, probably not anticipating that any private member would put his denial to the proof. Mr. SEELY, however, maintained the substantial accuracy of his statements; and it was arranged that the questions of fact thus raised should be tested by reference to the Dockyard accounts, together, we believe, with another complaint of Mr. SEELY's, that 170,000*l.* more than was necessary had, since 1841, been spent upon anchors for the navy.

These points have accordingly been investigated, and the result is now published in the Return to which we have referred. If a private investigator, however diligent, had proved to be in error in one out of a series of accusations, it would not have surprised any one who has had to deal with the complicated accounts rendered of our Naval Administration; but the result of the closest examination, as we understand it, is simply to show that Mr. SEELY rather understated his case as to the three ships, and that the Admiralty have allowed judgment to go by default in the Anchor controversy. A different colour is of course attempted to be given to the matter in the official correspondence, which is a masterpiece of fencing, but those who read it will have no difficulty in giving their verdict upon it.

At a very early stage of the inquiry it seems to have occurred to the Dockyard authorities that their chief had been very rash in taking issue on Mr. SEELY's facts, and ought rather to have demurred to his conclusions on the ground that the principle of calculation on which he avowedly framed his estimates of the expenditure on the three ships was not sound, and that the results were therefore immaterial. This, however, was not the defence selected by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, and the correspondence which followed is a curious attempt on the part of the Comptroller to induce Mr. SEELY to enter into the question of principle, which he had discussed often enough in public, so as to cloud the discovery which was soon made that Mr. SEELY was quite accurate in saying that the outlay (including the items and percentages which he specified) was what he had stated it to be. What Sir JOHN PAKINGTON had done, however, was to deny this, and Mr. SEELY in the correspondence proves on the figures given by the COMPTROLLER of the NAVY that the contradiction so boldly offered was wholly without justification, and that, even in the instances selected by the Government itself, it has been found impossible to convict him of a mistake. The Board have not had the candour to admit this in terms in any official letter, but Admiral ROBINSON, with a frankness which does him credit, acknowledges the whole case in a semi-private letter which closes the correspondence. He tells Mr. SEELY that if his definitions, as set forth in the correspondence, of the words "cost," "building," and "repairs," were accepted by the Admiralty as the correct and proper meaning of the terms, the statements he had made were in that sense correct. Now this was exactly the question raised by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, for Mr. SEELY had from

the beginning stated his definitions of the terms in question, and the mode of calculation which, as a man of business, he considered ought to be applied; and he made it quite clear that it was on that principle that his results were arrived at. The offhand reply in the House of Commons was in effect this:—"Your figures are wrong, and even on the principles you have yourself avowed you cannot escape the charge of exaggeration." This controversy is now absolutely and confessedly decided in Mr. SEELY's favour as to the three ships, and the allegation as to the anchors is left without any answer, though the Admiralty were in the course of the correspondence distinctly challenged to meet it. Like most other persons who are beaten on an issue of fact of their own selection, the Admiralty would now be very glad to shift the dispute to the question of principle. This, however, was not the matter referred for investigation, and Mr. SEELY wisely determined to keep the two points distinct, and, in the first place, to prove how thoroughly he might be trusted in the difficult and complicated task he has undertaken of exposing in detail the offences of the Admiralty.

Not that the Government would have fared much better if the ground had been shifted as they desired. The main question of principle between them and Mr. SEELY, or indeed, as we ought rather to say, between them and every man of business, is as to the allowance to be added to the cost of work in respect of the constant expenditure for supervision, and the loss of interest which is entailed by the Dockyard establishments. At one time the Admiralty took up a position equally intelligible and absurd. They said that each ship cost only what the materials and labour put into her cost, and that the salaries of superintendents, the pensions of men, and the interest on plant, had nothing to do with the matter. The obvious answer was that the aggregate amount spent by the country in obtaining the aggregate results of the Dockyard work unquestionably included these items, and that some percentage, at any rate, must be chargeable to each particular ship. The Admiralty struggled for a time to show, and indeed did show, that for the sake of having establishments always ready to undertake work, it might be good policy, if need be, to spend a little more on the work done than would be required in a private yard. But this could not alter the fact that they did spend more, and so the upshot has been that the Admiralty have for some years admitted the soundness of the general principle, and have charged each ship with percentages on the principle of their adversaries, which in former times they had refused to do. The only question which remains, therefore, is whether the precise mode of allowing for these percentages adopted in the Admiralty accounts, or the method insisted on by Mr. SEELY, is the more correct in principle; and if Sir JOHN PAKINGTON had thought it safe to challenge an investigation of this point, instead of denying the accuracy of Mr. SEELY's facts, we have no doubt that he would have been as completely discomfited as on the issue which he preferred to raise.

It is not often that the hollowness of a Parliamentary contradiction is so completely exposed as has been done in the instance to which we have referred; and it is most important that the result of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's challenge should not be forgotten, as a warning to official and other members not to substitute denial for argument, unless they are sure that the facts are on their side. The temptation to fall back upon a good stout assertion of sincere belief that an honourable gentleman opposite is unaccountably wrong in his allegations is always very great in an assembly like the House of Commons, which has too much business on its hands to be able to sit as a jury to try the comparative accuracy of two counter-statements. Still we are quite sure that the FIRST LORD did feel all the sincere belief which he avowed, and we have no doubt that in future he will learn, from the great case of SEELY *v.* PAKINGTON, to be a little more cautious in believing in the inevitable inaccuracy of an opponent. It is not always safe to give utterance to thoughts which trace their parentage to wishes; and, above all, it is very unsafe for a Minister like Sir JOHN PAKINGTON to stake his own knowledge of departmental details against the careful investigation of a man of business like Mr. SEELY. The Admiralty have often hitherto professed to be much obliged by the assistance which Mr. SEELY has given them in detecting and correcting the errors of themselves and their subordinates; and if their discomfiture in the present dispute should teach them to bear the rod more meekly in future, it may not be without benefit to the Dockyards and those who pay for them.

THE GAS COMPANIES.

IT may be taken for granted that the Bill promoted by the Metropolitan Gas Companies results from an understanding with the Government. Last year Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was persuaded, probably in spite of his better judgment, to introduce a Bill which was virtually drawn by the Metropolitan Board of Works and the City authorities. The real promoters had publicly avowed their hope of purchasing, at an estimated revenue of six per cent. on the capital, undertakings which were returning, under the express provisions of a recent Act of Parliament, ten per cent. to their shareholders; and, as a preliminary step, they desired to reduce the authorized dividend by express legislation, and to secure the same object collaterally by insisting on an increase of illuminating power and a diminution of price. As Parliament has not yet allowed consumers to regulate the price of commodities at their pleasure, the local bodies would scarcely have obtained a hearing for their proposals if they had not induced some officers of the Board of Trade to procure the support of the Government, and even to convert the project into a Ministerial measure. The extravagant injustice of the scheme excited so strong a feeling, both within the House of Commons and out of doors, that the Bill would have been thrown out on the second reading, if the representatives of the Gas Companies had not been persuaded to withdraw their opposition on an injudicious compromise. It was agreed that the maximum dividend should remain at ten per cent., and that the price and illuminating power should be left to the decision of a Select Committee; yet it was obvious that the nominal protection might be rendered nugatory by an adverse decision on the points which remained open. The subsequent inquiry was conducted in an unusual manner, inasmuch as the official promoters of the Bill affected neutrality, while the Board of Works was allowed to conduct the attack on the Gas Companies. After a long investigation the Committee declined to reduce the profits of the Companies by a direct decision, passing, however, a series of resolutions which were offered as the basis of a voluntary arrangement. On the refusal of the Companies to accept the terms, the Committee recommended to the House of Commons future legislation which would have altogether annihilated the capital invested in metropolitan gas works by allowing public or municipal bodies to compete for the supply. A joint-stock Company dependent on profits is of course incapable of contending with a municipal purse; and it is for the purpose of obviating so fatal a measure that the Companies now promote a Bill which embodies some of the general recommendations of the Committee. The Duke of RICHMOND, who is not responsible for the mistake of his predecessor at the Board of Trade, has had much experience in private legislation, and he will probably be disposed to consider impartially the vested rights of the Companies and the public interest. It is on many grounds desirable that the matter should be disposed of during the present Session.

The first provision of the Bill, enabling the Companies to amalgamate, is in itself of little importance. In every commercial and industrial undertaking there is a limit of magnitude at which the highest practicable efficiency and economy are secured. Little traders always conduct their operations under disadvantage, and, on the other hand, overgrown establishments are sometimes too large for uniform management and vigilant supervision. No person who has not a practical knowledge of the gas trade is competent to judge whether the Imperial or the Chartered Company has at present sufficient business to afford full scope for the energies of its managers, and sufficient opportunity for the perfection of its processes. If any considerable expenditure will be saved by the union of all the Companies into a single body, the consumers who are entitled to the benefit of all surplus revenue may fairly demand the suppression of unnecessary establishments. Even if the present Boards of Directors doubt the results of the experiment, they may, in the interest of their constituents, be justified in humouring a popular prejudice, and more especially in adopting one of the recommendations of last year's Committee; and, as the householders of London have a reversionary claim to all excess of profit beyond ten per cent. on the capital of the Companies, the suggestions of their representatives on the mode of creating a surplus are entitled to attention and respect. When the principle of the amalgamation is settled, there will be little difficulty in adjusting the details. It is barely possible that the owners of gas property may derive some additional security from the consolidation of several Boards into a central administration; but, as the Companies alleged a year ago that their present organization would not be improved by union,

it may be supposed that they are now only influenced by deference for the opinion of the House of Commons Committee.

The more practical portion of the Bill purports to create a machinery by which consumers will be effectually protected against the possible negligence or misconduct of the Companies. There is undoubtedly a theoretical defect in the legislation of 1860, for while any excess of profit beyond ten per cent. must be applied to reduction of rates, the Companies have no direct motive for exerting themselves to obtain receipts which can under no circumstances benefit themselves. In practice, perhaps, the desire to avoid dissatisfaction and clamour would induce men of business to prefer the lowest selling price as the safest basis for the fixed income of their shareholders; and the reduction of sixpence on the maximum price of gas since 1860 proves that the stipulations inserted by the local bodies which promoted the Act now in force have not been inoperative. Nevertheless it may be admitted that the possessor of a fixed income arising from any kind of property, or of a varying income which has reached the highest possible limit, requires some supervision in the management of his affairs. A mortgagee is not the best administrator of an estate, nor are debenture-holders ordinarily allowed to control a railway. As Parliament has already converted gas-owners who were originally absolute proprietors into trustees for themselves in the first instance, and afterwards for the consumers, it will not be inconsistent to regulate their administration, as long as their beneficial interests are duly respected. Some writers who have engaged in the late controversy have proposed that, after fixing a low price and a high quality, Parliament should allow the Companies to retain any dividends which they may contrive to earn. The objection to the plan is that it would convert an investment which had been thought essentially steady into an extremely unpromising speculation, and that the possible advantages which might ultimately be obtained would not be secure against private or municipal cupidity. The immediate loss would be certain, and to many of the shareholders ruinous; and if, on the other hand, new discoveries or improved management enabled the Companies to divide fifteen or twenty per cent., the parochial vestries and the Board of Works would immediately commence a fresh agitation for the reduction of profits which would be plausibly represented as extravagant.

The Bill provides for the establishment of one or more tribunals which will arbitrate between the Companies and the municipal bodies on all disputed questions of price and quality. The basis of the adjudication is to be the realization of a dividend "as near as may be" to that which is at present authorized and earned, with a stipulation that the amount shall in no case be exceeded. Arrears are, as at present, to be made good from back dividends; and practically the Bill as it stands would probably cause only a fractional reduction of the income which has for some years been divided. If the Metropolitan Board of Works, or the Corporation which is at some future time to govern the metropolis, believes that gas may be largely cheapened or improved in quality, nothing will be easier than to purchase the property of the Companies, by securing to the proprietors the fixed revenue to which they are already entitled. The managers and directors of the Companies have always asserted that every possible economy is practised in the manufacture and distribution, and that the rise in wages and in the price of coal counterbalances the saving which may arise from the extension of the supply. To improve the illuminating power it is necessary to use a considerable quantity of cannel coal, which is a monopoly in the hands of a few proprietors, who would of course raise their charges if they found that their special product was absolutely indispensable.

In addition to the expediency of conciliating the consumers and satisfying Parliament, the Companies have another reason for their present application to the Legislature. As their supply is extended they necessarily require additional works, and some of the principal Companies are suffering great inconvenience from the refusal of Parliament to sanction the purchase of the land which is required. One Bill was rejected because a member of the House of Lords objected to gas-works in the neighbourhood of his suburban residence, and another on the ground that the works would damage a new park in the East of London. Finally, the Committee of last Session threw out a Bill to which no objection could be raised, as a punishment to the Company for refusing to adopt the proposals of the Committee as to price, quality, and income. The Companies and their customers are equally interested in the acquisition of the necessary premises, and experience has shown that a

price must be paid for the privilege of providing public accommodation. There is reason to hope that the concessions now offered will satisfy Parliament of the necessity of providing sufficient room for the manufacture of an indispensable commodity.

THE GOOSE AND THE GANDER.

PROVERBS, as a rule, are believed to contain amongst them somehow or other a quantity of truth. There is scarcely one proverb which has not got another proverb that flatly contradicts it, and between the two it would be very odd if there was not a great deal of sound sense somewhere. There is, however, one of the number which, as every candid critic must allow, is based on an egregious falsehood—the proverb, namely, which affirms, against all experience, that whatever is good for the goose is good for the gander. Viewing the goose as the type of woman, and the gander as the type of man, no adage could be more preposterous or untenable. Such a maxim flies dead in the very face of society, and is calculated to introduce disturbance into the orderly sequence and subordination of the sexes. Who first invented it it is difficult to conceive, unless it was some rustic Mrs. Poyser, full of the consciousness of domestic power, and anxious to reverse in daily life the law of priority which obtained—as she must have seen—even in her own poultry-yard. There is one way of reading the proverb which perhaps renders it less monstrous; and if we confine ourselves to the view that “saucy” for the goose is also “saucy” for the gander, we escape from any of the philosophical difficulties in which the other version involves us. No doubt, when they are dead, goose and gander are alike, even in the way they are dressed, and there is no superiority on the part of either. Death makes all genders episcene. Except for one solitary text about silence in heaven for half an hour, which some cynical commentators have explained as indicating a temporary banishment from Paradise of one of the sexes, distinctions of this sort need not be supposed to continue after the present life. If we are to take the former reading, and to test it by what we know of life, nothing can be more unfounded, or more calculated to give a wrong impression as to facts. Were it not too late, the proverb ought to be altered; and perhaps it is not absolutely hopeless to persuade Mr. Tupper to see to it. “What is good for the goose is bad for the gander,” or “what is bad for the goose is good for the gander”; or, perhaps, “what is a sin in the goose is only the gander’s way,” would read quite as well, would not be so diametrically at variance with the ordinary rules of social life, and, accordingly, would be infinitely truer and more moral. Even Mr. Mill, who is the advocate of female emancipation and female suffrage, never has gone so far as to say that all women, as well as all men, are brothers. The female suffrage, as we know, is merely a question of time. Before very long, no doubt, there will be a feminine Reform Bill, during the course of which Mr. Disraeli will explain that the feminine franchise has always been the one idea of the Conservative party, and in which the compound housekeeper will occupy as prominent a position as the compound householder ever could have done. Nobody, however, has as yet absolutely asserted, we do not say the equality, for equality is an invidious term, but the indifference of the sexes. And this being so, it is strange that a proverb should be retained which is so opposed to every notion that passes current in the world.

As the legislation of the world has hitherto been uniformly in the hands of men, it is not astonishing that it has always proceeded on the assumption of the absolute dependence of the weaker upon the stronger sex. Several thousand years of intellectual and political supremacy must have altered the type imperceptibly, and made the difference between the ordinary run of men and women far more marked than nature intended it originally to be. All theology, whether Christian or Pagan, has been in the habit of representing woman as designed chiefly to be a sort of ornament and appendage to man; and the allegory of the creation of Eve, though Oriental in its tone, does nevertheless correspond to a vague feeling among even civilized nations that woman’s mission is to fill up a gap in man’s daily life. Nor are they merely the opinions and laws of the world which have moulded themselves on this basis. The whole imagination of the race has been fed upon the notion, until the relations between the two sexes have become the one thing on which fancy, sentiment, and hope are taught from childhood to dwell. It is not an extravagant inference to suppose that centuries of this imaginative and sentimental habit have ended by affecting the brain and the physical nature of humanity. Man has become a woman-caressing animal. The life of the two sexes is made to centre round the once fictitious, but now universal, idea that they cannot exist without one another. Goose and gander have lost their primitive conception of an individual and independent career, and are never happy unless they are permitted to go in pairs. Under less complex social conditions such interdependence led to no very intolerable results. Men and women formed a sort of convenient partnership, each contributing their quota of daily conveniences to the common fund. The chief protected his squaw—or, if he was a patriarch, his squaws—while the squaws ministered to his pleasures, cooked his food, milked—if Mr. Max Müller’s idea of the Sanscrit is correct—his cows, and carried his babies on their backs. The husband found the venison and the maize, while his wife dressed it and helped to eat it. This mutual arrangement had at

any rate the advantage of being accommodated to the physical differences of strength between the two halves of society. A little tyranny is the natural consequence of an unequal distribution of physical strength in all rude and barbarous states, and it was inevitable that woman should at such times have more than her share of labour and of patience imposed upon her. But it is evident that, as civilization has increased with the growth of population and of industrial interests, women no longer derive the same benefit from the social partnership as formerly. Some social philosophers still maintain, with M. Comte, that it is man’s business to maintain woman, and to relieve her from the necessity of providing for her natural wants. But this theory seems Utopian and impracticable when we try to think of applying it to the world in which we live. Wealth is no longer distributed with the least reference to industrious and sober habits. The principle of accumulation has been admitted, and social bodies have encouraged and sanctioned it by allowing property to descend from one generation to another intact, the result of which is that the industry of the father is able to ensure the perpetual idleness of his posterity. Large multitudes of poor producers are occupied in earning their own necessary sustenance, and cannot take on themselves without enormous difficulty the burden of supporting womankind, a burden which the richer classes scarcely feel. As by far the majority of women belong to the impoverished and laborious class, it is obvious that they must either enter the labour-market themselves, or purchase support from the rich by sacrifices which are inconsistent with their personal dignity and the morality of the social body. As the imagination of humanity has been long since given up to sentiment and passion, it is only too clear that the more vicious alternative is the one oftenest embraced. Society, then, has come to this—that woman must still depend on man, while man no longer, except on his own terms, fulfils his part of the tacit bargain by maintaining woman.

The first thing to be considered is what the public gains by keeping up the sentimental notion about woman’s mission. It is her business, most of us think, to charm and to attract, partly in order that she may do man real good, and partly that she may add to the luxury, the refinement, and the happiness of life. With this view, society is very solicitous to keep her at a distance from everything that may spoil or destroy the bloom of her character and tastes. Few people go so far as to say that she ought not to work for her livelihood, if her circumstances render the effort necessary and prudent. As a fact, we see at once that such a proposition cannot be broadly supported, and that any attempt to enforce it would lead to endless misery and mischief. Poor women, for example, must work hard, or else their children and themselves will come to utter degradation. But though society abstains from committing itself to the doctrine of the enforced idleness of women, it takes refuge in a species of half measure, and restricts, as far as it can, by its legislative enactments or its own social code, the labours which women are to perform to the narrowest possible compass. A woman may work, but she must do nothing which is called unfeminine. She may get up linen, ply her needle, keep weaving machines in motion, knit, sow, and in higher spheres in life teach music, French, and English grammar. She may be a governess, or a sempstress, or even within certain limits may enter the literary market and write books. This is the extreme boundary of her liberty, and somewhere about this point society begins to draw a rigid line. It earnestly discourages her from commercial occupations, except under the patronage of a husband who is to benefit by her exertions; she is not to be a counting-house clerk, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or a parson. The great active avocations, all those that lead either to fame or fortune, are monopolized by men. Strong-minded women occasionally bore the public by complaining of and protesting against such restrictions; but, on the whole, the public is satisfied that it is convenient that they should be upheld. If we look at the matter from the point of view of the educated, or even the well-to-do classes, such a conclusion seems so reasonable that most of us can hardly induce ourselves to doubt its correctness. Women do a certain tangible amount of good to the world by being kept as a luxury and exotic. The most energetic and rebellious of them may feel angry to be told so, but it is the truth that it suits men in general to keep up a kind of hothouse bloom upon the characters of women. The society of soft, affectionate, unselfish creatures is decidedly good for man. It elevates his nature, it gives him a belief in what is pure and genuine, it alleviates the dust and turmoil of a busy career, and it enables him for so many hours of the day to refresh himself with the company of a being who is in some things a mediæval saint, and in some a child. Whenever one contemplates the effect of more coarse experience of the world, more knowledge, and more rough and hard work on such a nature, one is invariably tempted to acquiesce in the view that it is good for man to have her in the state she is. One feels disposed to object to notions of female emancipation as profane. Education and science, thought and philosophy, like the winds of heaven, should never visit her cheek too roughly. The great thing is, to preserve in her that sort of luxurious unworldliness which represents the religious and refined element in the household to which she belongs. And a hundred things may be and have often been said about the advantage of making pure sentiment the foundation of all the relations that obtain between her and man. As Plato thought, man elevates himself by elevating and sentimentalizing his affections. All poetry and most literature is given up to this sentimentalizing or refining process. Nor can

it be denied that the effect is to increase very much the capacity of happiness in all people who are born to be happy or to enjoy life. What would youth be without its imaginative emotions? We all know, and are taught to believe, that it would be something much poorer than it is.

There is another side to the picture, and it is as well to contemplate it seriously, before we make up our minds to treat with undisguised contempt all the vagaries of those who wish definitely to alter the social condition of women. At present women are beautiful and delicate adjuncts of life. As Prometheus said of horses, they are the ornaments of wealth and luxury. They add perfume and refinement to existence. But, after all, it is an important question whether the conversion of women into this sort of drawing-room delicacy is not sacrificing the welfare of the many to the intellectual and social comfort of the few. The world pays a heavy price for having its imagination sentimentalized. One of the items in the bill is the disappointment of the thousands whose sensibilities are never destined to be satisfied. For every woman who marries happily, a large percentage never marry at all, or marry in haste and repent at leisure. It remains to be proved that it is wise to teach and train the sex to fix all their views in life and to stake all their fortunes on the chance of the one rare thing—a lucky matrimonial choice. If one could succeed in de-sentimentalizing society, one would take from a few the chief pleasure of living, but it is far from certain that the material welfare of the majority would not be proportionately increased. Half-measures would of course be of very little use. It would be a poor exchange to take from women all their reserve and innocence and refinement, without giving them free play in the world. They would be only coarse and wicked caricatures of what they are now. The change, to be tolerable, would have to be effectual and thorough. It would be necessary to change the whole current of their ideas, and the whole view of man about them also; to persuade the human race to fix its mind less on the difference of sexes, and to become less imaginative upon the subject. If so sweeping an alteration could be completely effected, perhaps it might be worth while to consider whether woman's absolute independence would not strengthen her character, and add permanently to the world's natural wealth. One thing is certain, that if woman is to continue for ever in her present condition, the moral and social condition of large numbers of human beings must remain hopeless. Their future appears dreary in the extreme. It is Utopian to expect that men and women will grow less and less self-indulgent, so long as the education they undergo from their earliest years renders them prone to every species of temptation. There are some things which make social philosophers hopeful and confident, but no social philosopher can ever do anything but despair of real progress if he is to take for granted that women are always to play the part in life which they at present play. The emancipation of the goose is an experiment, but it is not surprising that many enthusiasts should believe it to be an experiment well deserving of a trial.

OBSTACLES.

MANKIND is never less reasonable than on the subject of obstacles, whether they stimulate our desires or clog our activities. Some people have a scent for them amounting to an instinct. Nothing can be proposed, however simple, easy, and obvious, but they start a plausible difficulty; and the man accustomed to dwell on obstacles never gets beyond them. Every obstacle has one quality in common—that, once realized, though no bigger than a straw, it concentrates the critical faculties upon itself. Till the obstacle is overcome, judgment and conscience feel themselves absolved from considering the ultimate question; indeed the obstacle fills the whole vision, and allows nothing else to be seen. It is not that the mind designedly renounces action; it only assumes action to be impossible so long as the obstacle holds possession of the field, which, under such circumstances, it is very apt to do. Some go beyond this, and regard every obstacle, as such, to be final and without appeal—simply an award of fate. An old and resident clerical fellow once related how, soon after his ordination, he had, upon a certain occasion, officiated at a village church, and had been alarmed by a passing sense of faintness while reading the Second Lesson. This experience was told with such gravity that his hearer felt it necessary to inquire if the sensation had ever returned on a like occasion. "Oh!" was the reply, not without an expression of surprise in the tone, "I never tried it again." The dread of a recurring qualm had acted through a long and blameless life as an invincible obstacle against all further public ministrations. In the same way the loss of a tool is seen only in the one light of an obstacle so enormous that invention is paralysed. One who found insurmountable straws in every walk of life came down to breakfast bearing traces of a sleepless night of pain. "What a pity you had not your specific by you," was the sympathising comment. "I had," he answers, "but I had no scissors to cut the cotton-wool." The want of the accustomed instrument had so engrossed the faculties that they could not stretch over the impediment to consider that fingers could for once answer the same purpose.

In very different natures we see the same supremacy of an obstacle over reason and judgment; not so much smothering suggestion as staving off criticism. A girl excites the wonder of her friends by encouraging the addresses of a young fellow whom

her father "won't hear of." So long as the paternal face is resolutely set against her lover, she believes herself to be violently in love, and behaves accordingly. In fact, all her faculties are fixed upon the obstacle in the way of her fancy; she looks at nothing beyond. Taste and perception are held in abeyance. Without her knowing it, all this part of the affair is postponed. Moved by her obstinate constancy, the father's opposition wears out, and yields, as such opposition generally does. He lets his daughter have her way. Now, for the first time, she is free to see the object of her choice with the eyes of her understanding. Hitherto she has been engrossed by an irritating obstacle, with a lover glittering in becoming indistinctness on the other side. An instant revulsion of feeling ensues. Having nothing to circumvent, the tardy judgment awakes to an angry sense of having been taken in, and the object of recent infatuation is discarded almost as an impostor. In fact, an obstacle which stirs the temper into action is at the bottom of a good many infatuations. Everybody has experienced the sway of the smallest obstacle as an excuse for delaying a necessary effort of thought against the grain. There is nothing the mind resists so pertinaciously as fixing itself a second time on some question which it has gone through once and hoped to have settled. The merest outline and preliminaries of thought it would not willingly go through twice where the topic is uncongenial. Thus a rough draft of a letter on troublesome but important business has been written and mislaid; one minute's concentration of the faculties would make good the loss, but how many men will allow the fact that it has all been gone through once to act as a sop to the conscience and justify indefinite and mischievous delay. Half the procrastination that clogs the wheels of life is due to a helpless submission to small hindrances, and a futile expectation that something unforeseen will clear them off. Great efforts are constantly neutralized and wasted in this way, by a moment's carelessness, which half an hour might remedy. Again, we are constantly struck by the influence of small obstacles upon social intercourse. It is wonderful sometimes to note the nature of the difficulties that keep neighbourhoods dull and unsocial—difficulties too minute and various to specify, but familiar in some form to us all. The strange things that are allowed to "stand in the way" of profit and pleasure and kindness amongst acquaintance, and the discontent with life that is often the consequence, are things to make us moralize. We are not speaking here of the affected obstacles assumed for convenience—the white lies of civility; but of cases where the mind acts in good faith, but under the growing laziness of habit and subservience to mere straws of hindrances.

On the other hand, nothing is more important than to know an insurmountable obstacle when you see it. Lord Lytton tells of a Spanish scholar "of austere morals," who murdered and robbed a traveller of his money in order to purchase certain works of the Fathers that were required to solve a question of casuistry upon which he was engaged; and of an antiquary esteemed for his amiable and gentle qualities, who disposed of his most intimate friend after the same manner, as the only means of possessing himself of a medal without which his own collection was imperfect. These are extreme, and as it were heroic, results of a not uncommon tendency of minds supremely engrossed by some pursuit or passion. The plea of "I could not help it," with impulsive people, overrides alike small and great moral obstacles which interfere with a favourite object. They recall, too, the persistency with which certain philanthropists overcome every scruple of delicacy and consideration in their attacks on their neighbour's purse. Speculators constantly suffer from this want of recognising a real obstacle, and come to grief or failure from the same cause, whether the theorist is of those

Philosophers who find
Some favourite system to their mind,
In every point to make it fit
Will force all nature to submit;

or of the more selfish class of dreamers "who in their own favour resolve everything that is possible into what is probable, and then reckon on that probability as on what must certainly happen."

Clumsiness constantly shows itself in blindness to insurmountable obstacles; such as the want of knowledge and the want of tools. Thus officiousness rushes unprepared into the most knotty and difficult enterprises; the village blacksmith accustomed to overcome the ruder class of obstacles by mere force of arm undertakes the nicest and exactest tasks with nothing else to back him. Ignorance of the presumptuous sort never knows an obstacle when it sees one, and gets over it by assuming one thing to be as good as another, like the dame of the old story, who, stumbling upon Nebuchadnezzar, bid her scholars call it Nazareth and pass on.

Among the most painful forms of obstacle is that where we personify it, and feel ourselves in the way—a predicament in which weak, shy, and sensitive natures are constantly placed. To know when to resist this fancy as a weakness, and, on the other hand, to be finely sensitive where the danger is real, is one of the most important elements of good manners. It is painful to think how many an eligible proposal of marriage has been hindered, and the critical moment lost for ever, by some stupid fellow's blindness to the fact of his being in the way. We say "fellow," for this stupidity is essentially masculine. If a woman is in the way on these occasions, it is not generally for want of knowing it.

Yet we need only look away from ourselves to see that obstacles are the real secret of happiness, as well as of the heroic virtues, which are as it were founded upon them. A nice balance between difficulties and our power to overcome them, with just the least

leaning in our own favour, keeps up the mind's tone, and constitutes active happiness. There must be something in the way of our desires, or they cease to be desires in a too hasty fulfilment. Even the sense of touch demands resistance, and certain substances are delightful to the palate from their suggesting the idea of toughness without being tough. "Joy's soul lies in the doing." In this consists the satisfaction of real work as opposed to make-believe, and the fiddle-faddle of amateurs meddling with a dozen pursuits, and giving up one after another when the struggle with a real difficulty comes. In this world, at least, a full sense of life consists in the idea of prevailing, and getting the mastery, and putting hindrances out of the way. All natural wishes and desires, as contrasted with morbid and unhealthy ones, are fixed upon a point consistent with possibility. Mr. Dickens, in a picturesque passage on the painful contrasts of wealth and penury, happiness and misery, to be seen in the streets of London, describes pale pinched faces hovering round windows displaying good cheer; hungry eyes wandering over the profusion guarded by one thin sheet of brittle glass; shivering figures stopping to gaze at Chinese shawls and glittering stuffs of India. This last is not our experience. On the contrary, we note in this matter of shop windows a uniform fitness between the gazer and the things gazed upon. Shivering, naked figures do not care to survey golden stuffs. It is well-clad folks who can just not afford to buy them now, but to whom the idea of possessing something like them some day is not a ridiculous impossibility, who look over one another's shoulders on the gorgeous display; and if we saw squalid-looking fellows intent on a jeweller's treasures, we should not attribute the act to mere curiosity, but to the notion of securing them some day by possible, though dishonest, means. As for pastry-cooks' shops, so tempting to little boys, the grandest of them has some cakes within the compass of the most modestly furnished pocket when at its fullest. We believe that the pleasure of buying is incompatible with limitless wealth; only the thing can hardly be tested, for wealth has expressly provided for it a class of expenses whose main charm seems to lie in their power to bankrupt any fortune.

The attraction, and even fascination, of an obstacle may be seen in a hundred familiar examples. Who is so fond of making speeches as the stammerer? When are we ourselves so disposed to talk as when the doctor warns us that our chest needs absolute rest, and we cough at every second word? Who cares for travelling like those who have to scrape and save and overcome a hundred difficulties to compass a journey? Many an obscure life is made heroic to the possessor by a succession of triumphs over all but impossibilities. The joys of contrivance, which are the supreme felicity of many minds, lie in this direction—in the leap towards an encounter with difficulties which are just not insurmountable, and which are overcome each in their turn after a real tussle. To these natures ample means and inexhaustible affluence would be stagnation. People who are great at overcoming obstacles cannot well do without them. They are a necessary aliment. Such persons will make them if they do not find them; and there is all the difference in wholeness between the natural and the artificial obstacle. It is an old observation that small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy where great ones are not in the way. For want of a block, he will stumble at a straw.

TALK AND TALKERS.

AN ingenious writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* has lately been treating us to a philosophical disquisition upon talk. He has classified with great acuteness the different species of talkers, pointed out the various times at which their different talents may be most effectually displayed, and noted some of the many errors by which the talk of ordinary mortals is so frequently made a weariness to the flesh. The subject is almost infinite, and innumerable applications might be made of a sound theory. The chief practical application would be to lay down rules for securing pleasant conversation at social meetings. The difficulty of applying it may be simplified by two or three obvious considerations. In the first place, there is only one period of the day at which it is possible or desirable to secure good conversation. It is a sufficiently accurate aphorism to assert that no one can converse, in the proper sense of the term, except at dinner. There may be an indefinite amount of discussion between a couple of friends upon business or politics, and generally of that kind of communication vulgarly known as shop, at an earlier period; and flirtations may be carried on at any time, but these are not properly conversation. No man is really entitled to the enjoyment of a good conscience before his evening meal, and it is therefore impossible to sit down with a mind at ease, and devote oneself with due abandonment to the task of amusing one's neighbours. It is true that at a later hour it is possible to enjoy pleasant conversation by the help of a cigar, and in the absence of depressing ceremony. But this, in the normal state of things, is the result of a good dinner; it is the afterglow which succeeds a brilliant day, the pleasant warmth which lingers in the embers after the fire has been extinguished. One who has missed the critical period of the day, in whom the wine has gone the wrong way, and turned to ill-temper instead of conviviality, will find it hard to rouse his spirits afterwards. Once stimulate the organs of talk into a vigorous activity, and they may contrive to secrete the desired product for an indefinite time; but if the happy moment is missed, a man had generally better go straight to bed for any pleasure he is likely to confer upon his

friends. If he does not catch the infection when he is in the susceptible state determined by a good dinner, he becomes for the remainder of the evening a non-conducting body.

Hence it follows that, as a preliminary step to determining the conditions of good conversation, it would be necessary to lay down a satisfactory theory of dinners. Without attempting so ambitious a task, we may say generally that dinners may be of three kinds. In the first place, to dine perfectly, as to do anything else perfectly, a man ought to give his whole mind to it. Hence it follows that he should rigorously exclude every distraction which can possibly divert his mind from the dishes and bottles before him—amongst other distractions, that of company. In other words, a man who would enjoy an ideal dinner ought to dine alone; or, if, according to the common phrase, we are yielding too much to the demands of an "inexorable logic," perhaps we might permit the presence of one friend whose talk should run exclusively upon questions of eating and drinking. Two men, we believe, can be found to submit to such conditions; if a third is admitted, he cannot fail to become more or less ashamed of his companions, and to introduce some discordant subject. It follows from this that dining, in its ideal perfection, is fitter for a hog than a human being. The opposite extreme, however, is often equally remote from satisfying the spiritual nature, whilst certainly less agreeable to the lower faculties. A multitudinous gathering of diners may be merely an aggregate of a number of small parties, pleasant or otherwise according to circumstances, and comes under a different head; if it has any unity, it consists in the common endurance of a certain number of public speeches. As Providence has planted in the human heart a mysterious yearning for this kind of gratification, we must presume that such meetings discharge some useful function in the order of the universe. It is as erroneous in theory as it is generally disastrous in practice to assume that the persons suffering from this temporary mania have capacity for anything but the one purpose which calls them together. A man about to be hanged cannot generally keep up a conversation with his executioner, or really enjoy the taste of a glass of wine. The persons about to be recipients of after-dinner eloquence can seldom get up more than a little "bald disjointed chat," and can scarcely ever attend to the food before them; which, perhaps, explains the curious fact that the dishes on such occasions, from the soup to the ice- pudding, are invariably at the same medium temperature, and that the wine is of that kind which leaves a deeper mark in the memory than the speeches. Between these opposite poles we have the genuine dinner, which according to the best authorities should not exceed eight persons; at least a larger number is certain to break into separate parties. It is from the consideration of the theoretically perfect dinner of some six or eight people that the safest rules for stimulating conversation may be derived.

At such a dinner the merely sensual enjoyment of eating and drinking is neither the predominant part as in the dinner of one, nor altogether neglected as in the meeting for oratorical display. As a man is said to be perfectly dressed when no one notices any particular article of costume, so a dinner is perfect which does not attract notice to any particular dish. It should act by diffusing the general state of thorough physical comfort which is most favourable to social expansion. If it is ever good enough to attract independent notice, it is a proof that the end has been sacrificed to the means. Every guest should have felt a kind of agreeable titillation, an indescribable impulse conveyed through the palate to the brain, of which he could afterwards give no definite account. On the great principle of the correlation of forces, the food and wine should be entirely transmuted into friendly feeling and pleasant conversation. If any distraction is caused, it is of course better that it should be due to an excess of luxury than to any shortcomings or positively disagreeable sensations; but a distraction of any kind shows that the fuel of society has not been properly consumed, and that the art is deficient in the art of concealing itself. The physical conditions are of course the least difficult to supply; but no one will doubt that they are essential who considers how completely the effect of the most brilliant conversation is nullified by the smallest disorder in his digestive organs. A man with a twinge of the gout, or even with a sense that his boots are too tight, must be of a heroic mould if he really enjoyed the conversation of Burke and Johnson, or the celebrated talkers of a later age. The old test of courage, that of snuffing a candle with your fingers, would be a trifle to talking pleasantly with a touch of the toothache. In a smaller degree, the sense that your wine is disagreeing with you may throw the most conversational of mankind off his balance.

Assuming, then, that the physical conditions have received due attention, we should rise to the more complex problems of the moral and intellectual atmosphere. The test of a really agreeable conversation is, that the whole party should be thoroughly combined for the time into one organic whole. It should be a concert, in which every performer takes exactly his proper part without intruding upon his neighbours. The great difficulty is to produce this state of things in the beginning—to secure a thorough fusion of all the component elements. If the fusion is incomplete, there remain little lumps, as it were, in a state of partial sociability which often act as impassable barriers between two ends of a table. Thus the spurious variety of conversation known as a flirtation, however pleasant it may be to the persons concerned, is an annoyance to the larger circle. It is desirable, in the general interest, to place two persons known to be inclined to such a performance at such a distance that their efforts to communicate

may react upon the common stock of hilarity; they may be trusted to secure compensation for the compulsory separation at a later period. The true theory of intoxication, regarded as a question of good taste, follows from the same fact. Our grandfathers used voraciously to consume large masses of solid food, and afterwards to consume bottles of fiery port. The solecism is obvious. Such a plan tended to sulky silence at dinner, and to a subsequent period of ill-regulated noise. A man does not become convivial by eating large masses of beef and mutton; he must be possessed of unusual vivacity if his spirits are not rather smothered under the burden imposed upon his digestion. When a party had been sitting together in this state of smouldering ill-humour, they were suddenly stimulated into noisy excitement. Of course the conversation had then a tendency to fall into the power of the guest with the strongest lungs and digestion, who could simply roar his companions down. The strange old barbarism of drinking healths after dinner was evidently an expedient suggested by this state of things. People who had been for an hour in each other's society, and had not succeeded in kindling one lively spark of conversation, were in want of some factitious means of stimulating sociability. The wine alone could only produce the desired state as men became drunk, and the clumsy expedient was devised of proposing toasts, which forced people to come out of their sulky silence by a kind of mechanical compulsion. The true theory is to produce a slight stage of intoxication, if we may use the word without offence, at the earliest possible period. Every one has remarked what a difference is produced by the first glass of champagne. In a happily arranged dinner it just gives the slight impulse required to surmount the little stiffness which obstructs the launching of a conversation. On the other hand, any real approach to drunkenness is an utter barbarism, because the first symptom of such disaster is that the victim loses his social, as he afterwards loses his bodily, balance; and, in short, a man who habitually drinks too much is in danger of becoming a bore—a consequence which is seldom mentioned in sermons on teetotalism, but is sufficiently terrible to be worth notice. Indeed, that enemy of the human race appears in the most appalling form at a dinner-party. Nowhere is escape so hopeless, and the consequence of yielding to him so destructive of all pleasure. The essential characteristic of a bore is that he is a pachydermatous animal, and therefore insensible to the anguish which he inflicts upon his more thin-skinned neighbours. Even such a being may be occasionally turned to account; he may act as a pioneer in breaking through some of the heavy obstacles which have to be surmounted at starting. He shows the way over a few conversational fences, as a heavy horse and rider may break some useful gaps for his followers. He is not afraid to talk about the weather, or to remark that the Clerkenwell explosion was an atrocious crime. He may be used as the victim to be sacrificed to the God of Dulness—if there is such a divinity—at the commencement of the journey. But to use such tools requires great courage and skill. The fate of his rash employer is too often that of the wizard's assistant, who called up the devil to do his work, and then did not know how to dismiss him. If he once takes the bit between his teeth, and makes the running without summary extinction, all hopes of genuine pleasure may depart. The misfortune is that, as no man knows himself to be a bore, such a monster frequently takes himself to be a brilliant and agreeable member of society; and as society generally takes a man at his own valuation, we have the most fearful of social nuisances—the man who makes brilliant conversation of malice prepense. It is true that, according to an aphorism already noticed, no man can do a thing perfectly without giving his mind to it. A hasty interpretation of this truth would seem to countenance even the detestable heresy—which, if never avowed, is perhaps sometimes carried into practice—that a man should cram himself with anecdotes or witticisms beforehand. Such a doctrine is really true of after-dinner speaking. In the few cases where that anomalous practice survives, the speaker ought to produce upon every one the impression that he is giving an extempore performance, and should really be prepared, to a certain extent, beforehand. But to introduce this into general conversation is as erroneous as though a man should resolve to play a certain series of notes at a concert, whatever the rest of the performers might do. The mere attempt to work up to a particular story very frequently dislocates a conversation, and throws the whole party out of gear for the time. In short, the evil always makes itself felt when a man is talking with any set purpose, especially for the purpose of distinguishing himself instead of yielding to the spontaneous impulses of the moment. The only allowable art is that of the host, who should mix his company as carefully as his cook compounds his salads, and then, after placing them in the most favourable circumstances, trust to the natural consequences, as a farmer trusts that seed sown in fertile ground will spring up with an average share of sunshine and rain.

COLE IN COUNCIL.

JUST at this season of the year all the theatres treat us, as the essence of every pantomime, with a time-honoured joke, the dreary fun of which consists in its damnable iteration. After an excursion into the realms of fairy land, and a wonderful display of the caves of coral and bowers of bliss, all radiant with diamonds and silver sheen, some magician or enchanter waves his wand, and we are in an instant landed in the transformation scene, and our old friend with baggy breeches, ruddled cheeks, and

chalked nose bursts on us with the familiar somersault and traditional scream, "Here we are again." The irrepressible clown reappears, and everybody grins delight at the reappearance of the stupid but veteran Jack-pudding. Something of this feeling, we are obliged to say, affects us at the recurring gambols of Cole C.B. There is a certain tedious monotony about his performances, and, as with other recognised bores, we know all about him before he goes through the repetition of his old gambols, just as we are certain of Mr. Whalley or Mr. Darby Griffith or Dr. Cumming, whom custom can no more stale in their familiar tricks than it can Punch or a pantomime. Mr. Henry Cole C.B. spent much of last year at Paris; he is always at Paris. He has been lecturing all the artists and architects in Paris; he is always lecturing. He has been talking about himself; he is always talking about himself. He has been glorifying South Kensington, and this not for the first time. He has been reading his Bible. Whether this is an innovation on his usual habits we cannot say; but we may say that he has been reading it to a very odd purpose, though, as usual, with reference to himself. He and the Museum and Captain Fowke are as the prophets who have no honour in their own country; and, as he says, "nos grands prêtres de l'architecture ont crucifié l'auteur du projet des constructions du Musée de South Kensington, feu Captain Fowke." We at once pronounce that, if this be so, the Coroner's inquest has certainly failed in its duties, and this revival of the punishment of crucifixion in the middle of London is a curious fact in history; like Sion College, it is one of the things not generally known. But as Mr. Cole is a reader of the Bible, and a man of science, we shall charge him neither with blasphemy nor with concealing a very serious crime. We only say that he is unjust to himself and to us. He openly declares his prophetic mission, and not only do we not rank him with Saul under similar circumstances, but we must say that prophet Cole is honoured in his own country precisely according to his prophetic deserts. Only there are prophets and there are prophets; true prophets and false prophets. Joe Smith, Johanna Southcote, and Mr. Agapemone Prince are prophets. Anybody whose self-imposed function is to set everybody right and to do everybody's business is a prophet. Alexander Cruden—Alexander the Corrector as he called himself—Paul Pry, Dicky Gossip, any and everybody who finds a mission, or invents a vocation, to do everybody's business, is a prophet. It is unjust to say that Mr. Henry Cole does not attend to his own concerns when he meddles and interferes with everybody else's concerns, because everybody's business is his business. It is his sublime and superb mission, his *raison d'être*, his place in the great economy, to be the true Johannes Factotum. As the whole world was Mr. John Wesley's parish, so, like Burke, our oecumenical Cole is born for the universe; and nobody can say that he has narrowed his mind to the peddling circuit of his own work or even of his own capacities.

Mr. Henry Cole is Director of the South Kensington Museum; and, as everybody knows, the South Kensington Museum is a Microcosm. Indeed it may be considered a Macrocosm, or, for the matter of that, a Megistocosm. It is only everything; perhaps a trifle more, certainly not an iota less. It comprises the *omne scibile*, with just a few specimens of the *inscibile* as well. As is the institution, so is its Director. Pantology demands a pantologist. There is nothing too great or too small for the true encyclopaedical mind. From the Kosmos to the monad, the far-reaching intelligence surveys with equal eye and just intelligence hero and sparrow—the French Exhibition and Sion College. Contrast and antithesis can go no further. Mr. Henry Cole had organized the French Exhibition, for it need hardly be said that where he was all other organizers only shine by a reflected light; and he has given us, at the World's congress in the World's capital, a History of Labour running through all the ages—a vast repertory and syllabus of all the arts, sciences, learnings, and intelligences of all times, illustrated by monuments, products, and results, geographical, topographical, ethnological, industrial, educational, commercial, and every variety of 'al, and now he has come down from Paris in all its glory to the "dullest and grimmest" unknown den and lurking-place of a stupid "dead as a door-nail" institution—this is his own elegant and polite language—known, or rather unknown, as Sion College Library. Here we recognise an illustration of that wonderful adaptation which has made the elephant's trunk capable of rending forests and picking up pins. The genius which swoops down from the sovran heights of the Greatest of Great Exhibitions to that "dullest and grimmest foundation hidden in London Wall" is in every sense admirable. But what one most admires is the charitable and genial spirit in which Cole C.B. condescends to notice this miserable, shabby hole in the City—this Sion College. Even when Mr. Cole was at the Bluecoat School, Sion College was too vulgar for him. And now, as it is not given to everybody to lodge at the public expense in "the Residences, South Kensington," one who, like Mr. Cole, does so may be pardoned for a little swaggering over those poor persons condemned to vegetate in London Wall. But, though he enjoys the purer æther of the chaste precincts of Brompton, it is creditable to him that he condescends even to recognise the existence of the City, and of this grimy Corporation two centuries and a half old, which comprises some few hundred clergymen, which only occupies its own poor lands and hereditary estates and manors and halls, and which simply does its stupid duty in fulfilling the conditions imposed upon it by Royal Charter and ancient piety, attending to its poor and needy, and, in an old-fashioned pig-headed way, managing

and minding its own concerns. Why Sion College ought to be grateful to so condescending a West-end patron and C.B. for noticing it at all, though H. Cole C.B. does call it ugly names. And somebody else ought to be grateful. When the heavenly genius known to Grub Street as "Felix Summerly," and inscribed in the great *Libro d'Oro* of English literature and fame as "the author of a Guide Book to Hampton Court, and editor of illustrated editions of Children's books," advises such ignorant fogies as the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, the President and Fellows of Sion College, what to do with their own property, gratitude expands into another feeling; for just as the sublime has affinities to the ridiculous, so there is a connexion between gratitude and contempt. "I suggest," says Cole, in his comic and humorous way, "that Sion College Corporation do sell their land and old buildings, and offer to the Archbishop of Canterbury to transport their books to Lambeth, and undertake to manage both their own and his library, with a contribution from the Archbishop." . . . "Perhaps the Dean and Chapter of Westminster would exhume their own library and add it." If "Sion College Corporation" went to Lambeth with this very modest suggestion, that body—were it not that the successor of St. Augustine is the meekest of men—would probably retire, if not with a box on, at least with a flea in, the ear; and Mr. President Rogers, the gentleman whose refined and scholarly mind playfully compares his College to an "old pound," would, after a well-deserved archiepiscopal rating, and perhaps with more painful reason, once more have to exclaim, "Hang theology!" But what if Mr. Cole were treated with some of his own sauce? What if it were whispered to Cole C.B. "Here you are housed and lodged at Brompton at prodigious expense. You and your whole institution are a gigantic humbug. You are not as dead as a door-nail, but lively, irritating, and impudent as a flea. You have got together a great many specimens, good, bad, and indifferent, but which are collected and organized and manipulated as a vast scheme of jobbery and patronage and puffery. We suggest for consideration that South Kensington do sell its lands, and that its Director be dismissed into space, and that its knick-knacks be consigned to Paris or Pekin." Of course, if Archbishop or Dean or President were to "suggest for consideration" these impertinent crudities, Cole C.B. would be highly and greatly indignant. Far be it from us to hint that the famous line applies either to Mr. Cole or Dr. Langley; it is not a case of angel on either side, and certainly not of fool on one side; but there are some folks who rush in where other folks fear to tread.

But the point at issue is the future, or the present, or the past, of an old City library, and that a theological library. Now what does Cole C.B. know about a theological library, or about any library whatever? What genius, good or evil, suggested to him that his opinion about Fathers and Schoolmen, Councils and Casuists, polemical or patristic theology was of the slightest consequence to any human being—above all, to those who know anything of such matters? It was extremely rude of Junius to write to David Garrick, "Now mark me —! Keep to your pantomimes, or be assured you shall hear of it." So if it were hinted to Cole C.B. "Keep to your pots and pans, your gimcracks and gilt-gingerbread, and your Mumbo Jumbo," it would be more true than polite; not that politeness is in the particular case at all necessary. It is truth, not taste on Mr. Cole's part, with which we are concerned. Mr. Cole has, possibly from ignorance, stated, in reference to this famous library, that "you can hardly find the name of any of the City clergy as reading nowadays;" the inference sought to be conveyed being that the Sion College Library is the property of the City clergy, some seventy or eighty only; that they never use the library at all, and that no other clergyman is entitled to or has the use of it; and therefore that it is wholly useless, uncared for, neglected, and despised. This is just simply—to put it mildly—an entirely unfounded statement. The facts are—as Mr. Cole has been reminded, in part at least, by the Librarian of Sion College, Mr. W. H. Milman, whose name and parentage present a solid guarantee for some amount of literary care—that the Fellows of Sion College embrace the whole clergy of the East-end of London, as well as those of the City and its immediate suburbs—that not only they, but every clergyman residing in or about London, has the privilege of reading in the Library for nothing, and, at a very small cost, of taking books out of the library; and further, that this privilege is used by the clergy to the annual extent of borrowing books, rather by the thousand than the hundred; and, further, that any human being, simply on the recommendation of a Fellow, may read in the library gratuitously. It is the fact, therefore, that both as regards freedom to use and actual use, this dead, defunct, and extinct library is more available and more used than any other theological library in the world. Mr. Cole may reply, that he thought that the only use of the library was to accommodate readers within its walls, and that those readers were the City Rectors only; but the answer to this is that he had no business to think upon a matter which he knew nothing about, and about which he had taken no pains to inform himself. And it might be added, that the next time he finds himself utterly ignorant of a subject (an opportunity which is quite possible to occur), and yet is possessed by a noble itch to give his opinion and advice on a subject which he does not understand, and in which his advice and interference is simply impertinent, as it is when he presumes to dictate to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Chapter of Westminster, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and Sion College, all at once, it will not hurt him, for once at least, to try to hold his tongue. This

commonplace and vulgar advice, like all other counsel unasked, will, we fear, be thrown away on our Cole C.B. Having, as his biographer informs us, "organized" the establishment of the Record Office, and the development of the penny postage—or at least having put in his claim for a share in these really great measures—having "organized the exhibitions of the Society of Arts, which he proposed should culminate every fifth year"—having "organized decennial international exhibitions of art and industry"—having "organized the South Kensington Museum"—having "reorganized the Royal Horticultural Society," and being permanent Secretary and showman of all the Great Exhibitions on record, he will go on organizing to the end of the chapter, and until there is nothing but the solar system left for him to improve and reorganize. And we are not violating any confidence in making it known that our Cole C.B. has a sketch of a scheme for organizing at least the planets. He has in his portfolio, along with the original MS. of Mumbo Jumbo, a sketch for connecting that ugly gap which occurs between the orbits of Jupiter and Mars; and just as he proposed this week to amalgamate the Lambeth Library and the Westminster Library, and Sion College Library, so he intends to "organize" the heavenly bodies, and to fuse into a new and nobler life Ceres and Juno, Pallas and Vesta, and the rest of those ultra-zodiacal and absurd little heavenly bodies which for all practical purposes are as dead as a door-nail, and are hidden in the dullest and grimmest holes of the firmament. In this, as in the London libraries' case, he is going to "amalgamate their forces," and thus establish a respectable planet, "worthy of the subject" and its reformer and organizer. History presents but one parallel to Cole C.B., that of King Alphonso, who regretted that he was not consulted at the creation of the world.

POLITICS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE, AND AGRICULTURE IN THE GREEK KINGDOM.

RECENT events have proved that the Greek nation is a more influential Power than the Greek kingdom, and it is evident that the King of the Greeks derives his political importance in the East from being regarded as the head of the nation, not merely from his occupying the Hellenic throne. A sketch of the condition of politics, literature, commerce, and agriculture in the Greek kingdom will probably furnish more information towards a correct estimate of the influence which the Greek nation can exert in any coming phase of the Eastern question than a critical examination of the policy of the Greek Government.

The political Constitution which the Greek National Assembly voted in 1864 is not a copy of foreign Constitutions; it is a *bona fide* attempt to establish the forms of political procedure best adapted to present circumstances. It is a democratic Constitution, because Greek society is destitute of every element of aristocracy, and it gave the country only one legislative Chamber, because no men could be found fit to be members of a second. The power of the Crown is considerable, though some of the prerogatives that ornament royalty in aristocratic monarchies are wanting. The difference is quite as much the result of circumstances as of a preconceived theory, for the Crown possesses constitutional means of controlling the action of Ministers and of enforcing responsibility on the Cabinet which in England virtually exist only in the House of Commons. The precise position which the Greek Constitution gives to the Cabinet indicates how clearly the political instincts of Greek society have foreseen the necessity of balancing the exercise of administrative power in centralized constitutional monarchies. The sovereign is invested with the means of bringing public opinion to bear both on the Ministry and on the proceedings of the single Chamber which gives the Ministry a majority. The Cabinet must keep official records of its resolutions, and the King can make these records public. The political imperfections of Greece at present are the inadequate nature of the municipal, communal, and parochial institutions necessary for educating a nation to self-government, imperfect publicity in all matters relating to the financial administration, and the existence of a numerous place-hunting oligarchy. The want of institutions embracing the whole frame of society, from the family, the rural hamlet, and the city ward upwards, leaves the population of Greece in the condition of a mob. And a national mob, divided into many large provincial mobs exercising universal suffrage, voting by ballot, and electing legislators from the class of trading politicians, presents constitutional monarchy in an unfavourable aspect. The political state of the country is still anomalous; though the Constitution is good, the people do not yet enjoy the advantages of a free government. In some directions there is democratic license; in others, administrative tyranny. The great political object of the Greeks is to form a national government ruling the whole race. But the geographical dispersion of the Greek race, scattered as it is in a thin strip of territory over nearly one thousand miles of seacoast from the shores of the Adriatic to the island of Cyprus, offers great difficulties to the formation of a powerful Hellenic State, unless the Greeks form a system of local institutions calculated to win the goodwill of other nationalities with which they must come into immediate contact.

Modern Greek literature is not a creation of Greek independence. It is a stream that has flowed in an uninterrupted course through the centuries from the time of Pothius to the time of Korai. It was shallowest after the Ottoman conquest, but even

then the instruction of the laity hardly fell so low among the mass of the population as in most European countries. The great respect for learning that prevails among the Greeks has produced a constant succession of lettered, if not of learned, men. This long life gives modern Greek literature, as well as modern Greek society, many of the weaknesses of age, and deprives it of the candour and simplicity of youth. Even when the head speaks eloquently, the heart is dumb. Yet Greek literature, such as it is to-day, possesses a degree of influence in the East which makes it an element of power. This influence is chiefly exerted by newspapers and periodicals which have an extensive circulation wherever the Greek language is spoken.

The taste for letters in Greek society is exhibited in the Constitution. The higher education is favoured, and the education of the people is neglected. The sixteenth article provides that a University shall be maintained at the expense of the State, where all Greeks shall receive the highest class of instruction gratis. On the other hand, the State is left at liberty to contribute to the support of schools for the people according to what Ministers may consider the exigencies of the case. As the practice has stood for some time, it is said that the exigencies of parties have too often required that village schoolmasters should be available as electioneering agents. The University of Athens was founded in 1837, and it is not unworthy of the national support. Foreigners, among whom there have been several Scotchmen and Americans, have attended its classes, and speak well of the lectures given. There are 50 professors and about 1,200 students, of whom about 150 are from the Sultan's dominions. In the year 1866 the School of Law was attended by 678 students, and 10 professors lectured to them. This branch of study is much cultivated, because it opens the door to the career of place-holding. There were 274 students of Medicine, who received instruction from 17 professors. In the School of Philosophy, 188 students were inscribed, and 20 professors delivered lectures; and in the School of Theology 3 professors lectured to 42 students. There are two large libraries attached to the University—a public library, containing upwards of 50,000 volumes; and a well-selected and valuable library belonging exclusively to the establishment. The Greek Government has also favoured the higher education by granting liberal pensions to enable a succession of young men to pursue their studies abroad during the last thirty years—an expenditure which has not yielded the fruit that might have been expected from it. To foreigners, the lavish expenditure which the nation incurs from providing instruction gratis for the higher classes makes it apparent that patronage and favour have as much to do with the extension of the system as the encouragement of merit. Hitherto learning, science, and art have not profited greatly by Government patronage. Archaeology, geography, and philology have made less progress at Athens than might have been expected during the last thirty years. Germany continues to be the living fountain of Greek philology and archaeology, and the French school at Athens (as the Philological Academy, in which there are usually only three resident members, is called) has done more for Hellenic geography and topography than the University of Athens.

Modern Greek literature can boast of several works of merit. It is unnecessary to mention the edition of the Letters of Photius, and the examination of the Homeric question by Mr. John Baletta, as these works were published in England. It is remarkable that several works have been published abroad, in foreign languages, by scholars competent to write both their ancient and modern tongues. The *Storia delle Isole Ionie sotto il Reggimento dei Repubblicani Francesi*, by Count Lunzi di Zante, has only been published in Italian, although his first volume, "On the Political Condition of the Ionian Islands under the Venetian Government," was published at Athens, in Greek, in 1856, before it appeared in an improved Italian version in 1858. Within the last few months an interesting work on the Homeric question has been published in French by a learned Greek of Crete residing at Athens—*Topographie et Plan Stratégique de l'Iliade*, par M. G. Nicolaïdes. A young Greek, Constantine Sathas, has distinguished himself by his historical researches. He has published two volumes which give good promise for the future. His first work was the publication of an inedited Chronicle of Galaxidi, of no great value in itself, but which he accompanied with judicious notes. His second publication consists of a collection of inedited poems, which contains some curious notices of the Greek mercenaries who served in Italy under the name of Stratiots. This work was published at the expense of the Greek Government. The Greeks have in general neglected the study of their national history from the fall of the Western Empire to the commencement of the present century. Yet it demands their attention, for they have it in their power to throw light on the causes which retained the Hellenic mind in a stationary condition for many centuries, and to explain how the social effects of the Byzantine Government prepared the nation for the Turkish conquest. The Greeks may be excused for neglecting the period of their subjection to Frank and Venetian feudal rulers. Politically and socially it is an excrescence on the national history, and it has been recently treated with wonderful research and sagacity by Dr. Hopf, whose acquaintance with mediæval MSS. places him in the rank of Ducange himself as a discoverer of historical truth. A whole quarto volume of the General Encyclopedia of Ersch and Gruber is filled with the results of his researches, and contains the history of Greece during the middle ages. The Greek Government might render a great service both to the history of Greece and to the history of art by sending a Commission to visit all the Greek monasteries in which

golden bulls of the Byzantine Emperors exist, to copy these documents, and the curious illuminated portraits of the Emperors and Empresses in their imperial robes which adorn them. These valuable records of mediæval Greek art are becoming rarer from year to year.

The want of originality in modern Greek literature is fatal to poetry. Yet the quantity of verse published annually shows that there exists a great demand for poetical composition, and that verse is extremely popular. The intellectual acuteness of the modern Greeks is not united with a corresponding expansion of the imagination. The inspiration of genius, the activity of fancy, and the genial play of humour, are banished from the conventional phrases of versification and the ambitious efforts of pedantry. The easy elegance of youth does not display itself in Greek literature, for no Greek in the nineteenth century appears to have been young in mind even in his earliest years. The Greeks have an orthodoxy in literature which compels them to acquire fixed habits of thought. The branch of literature which expands in rhetorical eulogies and funeral orations delights them; and, from its nature, it is tainted with misrepresentation even when it succeeds in avoiding downright falsehood. Yet this literary halo exercises great influence on a nation singularly amenable to the power of words.

The Greeks are generally known as a commercial people. A large portion of the nation dwells in towns on the sea-coast, and carries on trade amidst an agricultural population of races with which the Hellenic does not amalgamate. The geographical configuration of the territories in which the Greek race forms the bulk of the native population presents a coast indented with deep bays and fine harbours, and bounds a sea studded thickly with inhabited islands. The trade of the Levant was transferred by the Ottoman conquest from the Italian republics to the Greek subjects of the Sultan. Fifty years ago the mercantile navy of the Greeks was for its size the finest in Europe. It consisted of a fleet of blockade-runners, constructed to evade English frigates, and carry cargoes of grain into the blockaded ports of the empire of the First Napoleon. Steam has caused these fine ships to disappear, and transferred the best part of the trade of the Mediterranean to the steamships of other nations. The mercantile navy of Greece consists now almost entirely of small sailing vessels. Its nature may be understood from a comparison with that of Holland, though it must be observed that the Greeks register much smaller coasting vessels than the Dutch. In 1864 the number of vessels navigating under the Greek flag was 4,528, of which only about 1,500 were of 60 tons and upwards. The whole tonnage was 280,342. The number of Dutch vessels in the same year was 2,227, and their tonnage 515,000. These returns give an average of less than 62 tons to the Greek flag, and of more than 231 tons to the Dutch flag. Greece has not 1,500 vessels exceeding 62 tons, and Holland has more than 2,000 exceeding 200 tons. This comparison exhibits the difference between the trade of the Mediterranean and the ocean, of which Greece and Holland offer the types. In the year 1864 the marine of Greece employed nearly 25,000 men and boys. The proportion of boys is greater than in other navies, from the number of small vessels, and the nature of the coasting voyages. These boys are, however, trained to become the best of seamen. In deep-sea fishing, which is an important branch of maritime industry, the Greeks are in general inferior to the inhabitants of Southern Italy, and Neapolitan fishermen until lately were in the habit of spreading their nets in Greek waters.

The flourishing condition of the Greek commercial navy contributes much less than is generally supposed to the strength and importance of the Greek kingdom. Greece has not yet established regular steam communications with all even of the larger islands in the Archipelago. The whole commercial class, including merchants, shipowners, sailors, fishermen, shopkeepers, and muleteers, forms only 8½ per cent. of the population of the kingdom, while the agricultural class, including resident proprietors, farmers, and shepherds, exceeds one half of the entire population.

The trading class throughout Greece is in a poor condition. To the passing traveller who rides over the roadless country from the plains of Messenia to the valley of the Sperchius, Greece appears almost destitute of industrial pursuits. It has no inns where a traveller can find a dinner and a bed, except in a few of the largest towns. A few blacksmiths, millers, coffee-house keepers, and small shopkeepers carry on the trade of the country beyond the limits of Athens, Syra, the towns in the Ionian islands, Patras, and a few smaller provincial towns. Yet the industrial classes are more numerous than the commercial and maritime; they form fourteen per cent. of the population. Tailors, shoemakers, tanners, dyers, makers of tiles and bricks, manufacturers of soap and wax, silk winders and weavers are social necessities, and printing and bookbinding have of late supplied many industrious families with profitable employment. The shopkeepers in the larger towns, who deal in foreign luxuries to an extent incommensurate with the wealth and numbers of the inhabitants, unfortunately for Greece, contribute largely to make up the fourteen per cent. of the official returns.

When Greek commerce is spoken of in Western Europe, people generally think of commerce carried on by men of Greek nationality, who are often as unconnected with the Hellenic kingdom as the Hebrew bankers of the West are with Palestine. The wealthy Greek merchants in England, France, and Germany have usually little direct trade with Greece. They possess no landed estates in the country, nor when they retire from business do they take up their residence in Greece, or invest their fortunes in the soil of what

they call their native country. They contribute nothing to the moral progress of society and to the consolidation of national institutions, and not much to the material wealth of the Greek kingdom. Few of these Greeks have visited the country as travellers, and seen the sites of Sparta, Olympi, Thebes, and Delphi. In England they buy goods manufactured by Englishmen, and send their merchandize in English steamers to be sold in Turkey, Egypt, and Persia. Nothing but an echo of the riches of these foreign Greeks reaches Greece. Last year—1867—they would not furnish the Hellenic Government with the loan of a million sterling to carry out an aggressive policy against the Ottoman Empire which they had incited, and, it may almost be said, had goaded Greece into pursuing.

Agriculture is the occupation of the majority of the population in the Hellenic kingdom, yet among the Greeks agriculture is in the rudest condition. The chief occupation of the rural population is in raising crops of cereals, and nowhere is the cultivation of the soil carried on in so barbarous a manner, nowhere is agricultural labour with the plough so poorly remunerated, and nowhere do the tillers of the earth perpetuate their existence through a life of greater hardship. The peasant tills the same fields in the same manner as his forefathers before the Turkish conquest. But since that time woods have been destroyed, forests have been burned down, springs have failed, fruit-trees have disappeared, drought has driven gardens to greater distances, the land requires more labour, and yields scantier crops. The olives he formerly gathered and the onions he formerly raised must now be purchased, and yet the poor cultivator clings to his native fields, without a hope of bettering his condition, or raising his children to a higher rank of life. The town population despises the peasantry just as the Roman citizens despised the *pagani*. The wealthy merchants and the learned professors of Greece do not appear to have learned the great lesson of the nineteenth century, that labour with the plough is the best foundation of national greatness. Labour in transporting foreign produce in foreign ships to foreign markets is a means of enriching individuals in the least national way possible. Yet the statistical accounts of the condition of land and agriculture in Greece indicate that the elements of improvement are available. There are less than 7,500,000 stremmata of land under cultivation, and there are nearly 12,000,000 stremmata of arable land uncultivated. The production of cereals in the year 1864 was little more than 9,000,000 kilos, and nearly 1,300,000 kilos of foreign grain were imported for consumption. This importation of Black Sea wheat into the towns on the sea-coast, while extensive tracts of good land remain uncultivated immediately beyond the mountains that overlook the sea, arises in great part from the want of roads.

At present, the state of society, and the manner of cultivating the land, retains the rural population throughout a considerable part of the Greek kingdom in a condition corresponding to that of the Highlands of Scotland at the beginning of last century. Long periods occur annually during which there is no regular occupation, and too many strong men are engaged in herding cattle and following goats over the rugged mountains. Hence arise idle habits, and a disposition to brigandage in those who have a spirit of adventure. This state of society also exercises an evil influence on government; it sends political brigands into the administration as well as pastoral brigands into the mountains, and it deprives the country of that spirit of steadiness which landed property and an improving rural population gives to the whole frame of society.

The productive capabilities of Greece are great, and the manner in which the cultivation of the currant vine is carried on proves that the Greeks can apply science, capital, and labour to agricultural operations when left free to act. The mass of agricultural labour is, however, in all countries engaged in raising the food of the population, and in Greece labour employed in raising cereals is ill remunerated, and capital avoids as much as possible affording the necessary assistance. There is historical proof that even during the last two centuries agriculture has been declining, and for a much longer period the soil where cereals are cultivated has been suffering degradation, and in many districts the produce has been deteriorating. The cork-tree once flourished in Arcadia, and supplied the seamen and fishermen of the Ægean Sea in ancient times with buoys and floats for their nets. It has now entirely disappeared from the Peloponnesus. Within the present century thousands of acres on the mountains which were covered with thick forests of oak as well as pine have been laid bare by conflagrations. No trees rise to replace them, and the soil is gradually impoverished, for the young brushwood is annually burnt to obtain a little grass in spring. The produce of the Valonia oak is diminishing, for the manner in which the produce is taxed leaves no profit to the peasant, who cuts down the old trees and never plants young ones. The oil, the wool, and the cheese have declined in quality, while in other countries they have improved. The number of perennial springs has decreased within the memory of man. Years of scientific improvement and a systematic outlay of considerable capital would be required in order to render the soil of Greece capable of supporting one-half of the population which was nourished from the produce of its agriculture in ancient times.

Whether the remedy for present evils is to be sought in diminishing the amount of taxation on land—Mr. John Stuart Mill says that "in a poor country it is impossible to impose any tax which will not impede the increase of the national wealth"—or whether it be possible to relieve the cultivation of cereals from the fetters imposed on it by the present fiscal system without

first abolishing the system of taking a tenth of the grain, is a question which Greek statesmen ought to examine and answer without delay. The action of public opinion may be necessary, and the Greeks require perhaps a prophet as well as a statesman to tell them "that their ploughs do not go straight." If the agricultural population of the Hellenic kingdom be not soon delivered from its present state of helpless torpor, and placed in a progressive condition similar to that existing in the United States, Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, and New Zealand, the chances are that some Slavonic race in the Ottoman Empire will do what Hellenism shows itself incompetent to perform. Pan-slavism has within it great latent force; it may become fruitful, and multiply and replenish the East.

THE RECENT FENIAN MANIFESTOES.

THREE papers have been published within the last few days which, in deference to the fashionable magniloquence of the day, have been styled "Manifestoes." The first is an "Address of the President and Senate of the Fenian Brotherhood in America to the People of England"; the second is an Address from the Democrats of France, headed by our old friend Albert *Ouvrier*, to the Democrats of England and Ireland; the third is a Declaration of the Irish Roman Catholic Clergy, addressed to no one in particular, but intended for the general instruction of the Government and people of Great Britain. There is something peculiarly Irish in the coincidence of their appearance; for the first two denounce vindictive reprisals, while the Clerkenwell victims are still writhing in the hospital, and they are both as antagonistic to the third as could be imagined or desired. The Irish Catholic clergy propound as the grand panacea for Irish wrongs and ills the old prescription of O'Connell, the Repeal of the Union, which would leave Ireland subject to the English Crown, but independent of the English Parliament; while the Fenians and their French sympathizers anticipate the time when the "independent Republic" of Ireland shall "stand up in the erectness of freedom," and do a great many other things—paying her own way in the world, we suppose, and prospering like that other Republic of which Albert *Ouvrier* was a some time guiding spirit.

Of the three documents it is doubtful whether the American or the French address is the more insensate. They are both written ostensibly to thank, in reality to conciliate, the more advanced members of the Reform League. Their ignorance of recent and present facts is nearly as profound as their ignorance of past history; and both are on a par with their ignorance of the people for whom they are designed. The American Fenians and the French Democrats must be in a very benighted state if they imagine that any decent English artisans are such idiots as to believe, even under Mr. Lucraft's tuition, that the three men who were executed for having shot a constable in an illegal attempt to rescue prisoners were sacrificed to the "feudal system," or that the English law of rescue has anything to do with "the necessities of an aristocratic Government," or the barbarity of "reprisals." That the Fenian Brotherhood have a strong dislike to English law, whether it regard the rescue of prisoners or the transmission of property, is probable enough. But that the Reform League, or any other body of Englishmen, will combine with them to make it lawful either to take away a constable's life or any man's private property is an hypothesis which shows how little they know of average Englishmen. Men with such hazy perceptions of what is present and about them could not be expected to have any clear knowledge of what has passed in other days. That the aristocracy of England confiscated the property of Ulster or harried Tipperary, and that Oliver Cromwell had strong aristocratic sympathies, are propositions which it may suit the Fenian Senate to receive, and the French Democrats to circulate, but English Liberals who have studied Irish history for themselves will not be disposed to accept them as the basis of an alliance between Fenianism and Radicalism. And when, as an inducement to such an alliance, the Irish Brotherhood allege that America owes as much to its Irish defenders during the late civil war as England owed to its Irish soldiers during all its foreign wars, the "English brothers" may feel disposed to remind them that, if by America the Union is meant, Irish soldiers did as much to assail it as to defend it, for they fought on both sides. Nor will the Englishman who has been in the States forget to reply to the Irish who brag of their efforts to free the negro, that nowhere has the negro found such bitter foes as among the Irish immigrants. As to the French epistle, he will simply advise its authors to succeed better in establishing their own Republics before they begin to devise them for their neighbours.

That a certain section of the class which follows Bradlaugh and Lucraft would conspire with the emissaries of Fenianism and French democracy against the laws and institutions of the British Empire, is probable enough. But that any considerable number of intelligent English operatives would consent to be led by such men as have penned these highflown and "gassy" manifestoes, is utterly inconceivable. We may therefore safely dismiss them to obscurity, with the regret that during their shortlived existence they could have had the power to cast a slur on the impulsive kindness of the Dowager Marchioness of Queensberry by associating it with the "martyrs" of Manchester. It is impossible to imagine a more spiteful vengeance than the promise that hereafter every Fenian circle will keep alive, and transmit to its successors,

with all the accompaniments of Irish eloquence and poetry, the "hallowed name of Caroline of Queensberry."

The address of the priests prefers a stronger claim to our attention, from the character not less of its authors than of its own composition. The priesthood has a great, and generally a merited, influence over the Irish people. Sprung from the peasantry, it shares their prosperous and adverse fortune, and sympathizes with them in their troubles, and consoles them in their sufferings. Though neither learned nor large-minded, it is regarded with general respect by those Irishmen who have not completed their education in the slums of American cities. And we are bound to add, that it has used its legitimate power against anarchy and sedition. As for the document now issued, we cannot bestow the commendation which some of the daily papers have lavished on its composition, although we admit that, when compared with the Fenian production, it is a model of pure and eloquent English. Our respect for its authors and their intentions makes us all the more sorry that its reasoning should be so unconvincing and its conclusions so impracticable. If gravely submitted to the consideration of Parliament and Government as the only solution of Irish maladies, it is simply inadmissible. After a preface which represents—we trust, in language of exaggerated despondency—the utter hopelessness of the Irish people, and their desperate conviction that any risk and any sacrifice are preferable to their present condition, the memorialists ask what are the roots of the widespread and growing evil? Their answer, which is expanded over many paragraphs, is reducible to two words—"Past misgovernment." They remind us that for three hundred years preceding the close of the last century the cruel policy of the Government, by denying simple instruction, shut the minds of the Irish people against all knowledge and intelligence. They remind us that four hundred years preceding that date the penal laws inflicted every kind of oppression and injury on the people. They remind us that the jealousy of trade combined with the jealousy of religion to destroy commercial enterprise in Ireland, and, as they say, to drive the people to the single occupation of agriculture. Hence the famine and the plague of 1848; hence the wholesale emigration. Then came the effects of the national education which enabled the people to read and write. Profiting by these new powers, they learned to read the history of their own country; and, it might have been added, every treasonable song and speech ever penned upon that subject. And, now that they are aware of their former debasement, they are burning to have their revenge; those that remain in the country, by sedition—those that have gone abroad, by war. This is not a pleasing state of things to contemplate. Over-coloured it probably is, for men, whether lay or clerical, like to make the most of a grievance when they have one. And, notably, this description does not apply to Ulster. It is true, in its principal features, of the rest of Ireland. There was misgovernment in past time, and the present race has fed its wrath on an imaginative retrospection. This is not unnatural, though it is somewhat impractical. But the remedy proposed is stranger than anything else, except the reason assigned for it. That remedy is Repeal of the Union. An English Parliament will never be equal to the task of legislating for Ireland, "because it acts on fixed principles applicable only to organized communities, and they will not do for Ireland. Neither will political economy do for a country like Ireland, any more than the most ordinary food would do for the weak and sickly." Argal, she must have her own nationality, and her own Parliament legislating in College Green, and giving her those "resources" which the English Parliament does not give her, and which Nature herself has withheld.

Now, we ask, were we wrong in styling this one of the most impracticable suggestions conceivable? Here a number of men, more or less educated, tell us that political economy will never do for Ireland, in much the same sort of way that Southern Italian or Spanish peasantry attribute dearths, droughts, or epidemics to a "Costituzione." What do these reverend persons imagine political economy to be? Would they have said that quadratic equations would not do for the Maynooth students, because their number does not represent a perfect square? Do they mean that the axioms of political economy are not applicable to Ireland? that, for instance, population, without the restraints of prudence, does not in that country tend to outrun the means of subsistence, or that the absence of mineral treasure is not a serious drawback to the means of industrial employment? After we have stumbled some time over this rather hard sentence, we come to the conclusion, which is as perplexing as the premiss. The great elevation of a debased and the perfect enlightenment of an ignorant people are to be attained by giving them the power of electing a Parliament which is exclusively to make laws for them after their own design. England, they say, formerly oppressed Ireland by making laws in her own Parliament to the prejudice of Irish interests and Irish religion. England has ceased to do this. She has for nearly seventy years incorporated Ireland with herself, and empowered Irishmen to vote for Irish members of a United Parliament. Irish members have, in the Imperial Legislature, the unlimited power of bringing Irish grievances and proposing Irish remedies in the presence of the Parliament of England and Ireland. Yet we are told that the highest legislative privilege is inoperative, and that only with the institution of a National Parliament will disaffection and conspiracies cease. That these gentlemen use words without attaching any meaning to them, is incredible; but it is hardly credible that they can have thought out the meaning of their own

proposition. If the "National" Parliament of Ireland were elected by the same voters as the Irish members in the present Parliament, they would be as divided in opinion as they are now. If they were elected by a larger number, they would be elected by those poorer voters whose "ignorance" and "debasement" form the grievance of the memorialists, and their legislation would reflect the character of the constituencies. We leave it to any intelligent and thoughtful man to contemplate what the statesmanship would be which was inspired by Irish cottiers, and rejected the teachings of political economy. Destructive as it would be for Ireland, it would be also an obstruction and stumbling-block to England. An Irish Parliament would have to decide on the external relations of the kingdom, no less than on its internal affairs. We have already once experienced what it is to submit questions of a Regency and a French war both to an English and an Irish Parliament. The experience was not favourable to a repetition of the experiment. Life is too short, and events move too rapidly, to admit of delicate questions of war and diplomacy being debated by two co-ordinate Parliaments in two separate capitals of the same kingdom. Nor does it appear by what process the Irish priesthood could prevent this "national" representation from degenerating into a representation of Fenians, the colleagues and confederates of French and Italian Democrats, Fourierists, and Garibaldians—men whose latest "manifesto" proclaims their hatred of every priest, every Church, and every Christian creed. However, we have no fear that even a Conservative Government, in prosecuting a course of self-education, will give the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland an opportunity of correcting the mischiefs which would inevitably follow the adoption of their own suggestion; and we have as little fear that the most intelligent among advanced Liberals will be seduced by the maudlin talk of Messrs. Pyat and Albert into sympathizing with murder and arson under the names of the "holy rights" and "noble aspirations."

THE EAST END AND ITS RELIEF COMMITTEES.

PUBLIC attention seems gradually awakening to the fact which we noticed a week or two since, that the problem which benevolence has set itself to solve in the East-end is no new problem of destitution, but the old problem of pauperism. The experience of thirty years ago seems to have been forgotten, and we are discussing the same plans for meeting the same difficulties which our fathers discussed at the introduction of the New Poor-law. For three years past the old protest has been revived against the "stoneyard and bastile" which was then so loudly uttered in the columns of the *Times*; the "cold-hearted sophistry of economists" has been defied by a gigantic effort of almsgiving; some half a million of people in the East-end of London have been flung into the crucible of public benevolence, and have come out of it simply paupers. The Isle of Dogs will acquire an historic fame as the scene of the last great battle which our generation is likely to see between economic principles and the system of mendicancy. The battle has been fought out, it must be remembered, under circumstances most favourable to the success of the last combatant. The distress was sudden, exceptional, in no way attributable to the faults of those who had been thrown out of work; the sufferers were artisans of a high class, making a hard fight against poverty, men whom the application of a labour test was supposed to degrade. Large as their number was, it still had limits, and it seemed possible to sustain them till they could either voluntarily remove, or be helped to migrate in search of work in more thriving localities. In great measure the object was accomplished. A thousand of the artisans have left the spot; moreover there is a slight revival of trade and shipbuilding. But so far is the general distress from having been relieved that the cry for aid is louder than ever. Last week the recipients of out-door relief exceeded those of a year ago by 2,500, and the number is daily increasing. But this is the least disagreeable feature of the matter. From exceptional, the distress is now reported to have become chronic; in other words, the population has been pauperized. A lower class of the destitute have superseded the artisans, and come forward with a definite claim to relief. Into a district famed for its poverty there is a steady immigration of poor attracted by the prospect of alms. Little by little the details of last year's benevolence ooze out to account for all this—prodigal waste of "tickets," alms given at public-houses, cross systems of distribution; in a word, every possible device for turning charity into an unmixed evil to those whom it affects. The very clergy who were foremost in the work of relief last year stand aghast at the pauper Frankenstein they have created, and turn despairingly to the Poor-laws, whose principle they set at naught, to aid them in contending against it. Unfortunately they find no place of repentance. The Guardians are just sagacious enough, and just shortsighted enough in their sagacity, to entertain no notion whatever of killing the goose whose golden eggs keep the rates down. By a miserably inadequate pittance of out-door relief, by forcing the poor to walk four miles to get it, by refusing to organize any better system of distribution, the Guardians throw back their burden, as they imagine, on public charity. And to public charity, conscious as they are of the evils it wrought twelve months ago, the clergy, from sheer necessity, declare themselves driven.

We take the Isle of Dogs, not in the least because its case is peculiar, but just because it brings into strong relief facts which are common to the whole of the East of London. Everywhere

there is the same miserable waste of public charity, everywhere the same growth of chronic pauperism, everywhere the same recoil of public opinion, everywhere the same ignorance, incapacity, and inaction on the part of the Poor-law administrators, everywhere the same compulsory resort again to a mendicancy which those who resort to it know better than any will aggravate the very distress it seeks to relieve. Things, in a word, have come totally to a deadlock; and beyond local action, there is none. The Poor-law Board looks calmly on, dismissing a pauper nurse, censuring a workhouse master, docketing and pigeon-holing in a severe official manner, and occasionally varying its amusements by snubbing a Board or two. Now, as we have shown, we are by no means satisfied with the East-end Guardians, or with their conceptions of their duty, or their mode of carrying it out; but it is fair to remember that they are working, however inefficiently, that their difficulties are enormous, and that they are inclined to seek, rather than to refuse, any practical advice. What they want is intelligence rather than will, and we should have imagined that to supply intelligence was one of the most obvious duties, in so far as it was practicable, of any Government. Mr. Fleming, the permanent Secretary of the Poor-law Board, differs, we are bound to say, from us in our theory. His notion is that, when asked for advice, his administrative duty is to supply snubbing. Of all Boards of Guardians, the one we feel least liking for is the Board of Bethnal Green; but their difficulties are very real ones, and when Mr. Hardy's Act saddles them with an additional charge equal to a year and a half's amount of their total rates, we do not wonder at their applying for counsel in their difficulties to the Poor-law Board. But they are only admitted into the official sanctuary to be snubbed out again; it is no part of the Board's duty, they are told, to advise how the money is to be raised, but only to see that it is raised. Mr. Fleming folds his hands serenely, and the Guardians return home and obstinately fold theirs. In other words, there is a Board on strike in Bethnal Green; and, thanks to Mr. Fleming, the sick and infirm will be yet longer without proper necessities. It is simply impossible that this sort of thing can go on. The question for the Poor-law administration is just the question which the Guardians put—How is the money to be raised? Speaking roughly, the expenditure on London pauperism has increased in the last two years by 100,000*l.*; but this increase fell exclusively on those parts of the metropolis which were burdened before. Shoreditch, for instance, has increased its annual expenses by 11,000*l.*, Bethnal Green by 7,300*l.*, Whitechapel by 5,500*l.* In the face of these figures it requires more than human courage to insist that, if the problem of pauperism is to be solved at all, it must be solved, not by spasmodic benevolence, but by an increased action of the Poor-laws. But it is absolutely necessary to insist on the fact, however impracticable any action may seem. Cases like that of Poplar show that any departure from the Poor-law system only aggravates the evil, and it is the clear duty of the Poor-law Board to recognise the gravity and urgency of the task which lies before it.

For the moment, however, even the most enthusiastic of economists must be content with a compromise. Before us unquestionably lies a great mass of real distress, and in dealing with it we are met by two practical facts. In the first place, the Poor-law is not being worked, nor is there any immediate prospect of its being worked, to its full power; in the second place, large sums of money are being flung broadcast over the distressed districts in the most absurd and pernicious manner possible. The first step requisite is to intercept this money, and to turn it into channels where it shall, at any rate, do less harm than it is doing. Two instances will show what is, in fact, going on. A clergyman who has for years been in hopeless financial embarrassment closes his accounts with his creditors by paying a shilling in the pound. A week or two afterwards he appeals for aid in relieving the distress of his parish, and thousands at once pour in. There is no inquiry as to solvency, or responsibility, or a proper auditing of accounts; the tap is turned on, and the one question is, who shall be the first with his bucket? But if this illustrates the careless folly with which money is contributed, the case of the East London Relief Association shows even more clearly with what incredible folly it is distributed. We are bound to own that this society shows signs of reformation, and that in one instance at least it has entrusted its funds to a competent local body; but its general rule has been to avoid the clergy, the Poor-law authorities, and all persons of standing, and to fling cheques into the laps of a class called "Revivalists." In Mile-end, for instance—though here the error has, we believe, been lately rectified—a large sum was sent down to a ranting preacher of the neighbourhood, whose one notion of relieving distress consisted in giving enormous breakfasts to the poor, and regaling them meanwhile with his Revivalist effusions. It is almost incredible that no notice was given to those most intimately concerned with the relief of the poor of the very existence of these "pious orgies" till they learnt them by the great increase of the ranters' congregation. Now, whatever else they may do, large and influential local committees prevent this sort of thing. The names and position of their members are a guarantee against any direct misappropriation of their funds; and their common sense and, let us hope, common honesty, will recoil from such feats of absurdity and flows of soul as those at Mile-end. A still greater advantage is, that they place the burden of dealing

with distress on the right shoulders. Almsgiving on an enormous scale is no part of a clergyman's duty, but in the East-end of London the clergy have been simply turned into relieving officers. They are entrusted for this purpose with sums of great magnitude. In four parishes, at no great distance from one another, between 5,000*l.* and 6,000*l.* was dispensed last winter, without inspection or account. A parish of 6,000 poor received in one year 1,800*l.* from public charity; another district, of about the same size, has annually received 1,000*l.* for some fifteen years past. We need hardly add that these parishes are sinking down each winter into yet deeper pauperism, and that one of them is actually attracting the poverty of districts around it by its golden inducements. The result is simply overcrowding and a rise in the rents; in other words, the landlords are getting all this charitable money, and the poor are simply middle-men between them and the almsgivers. The most mischievous result of entrusting funds of this sort to the clergy is the creation of a class of mendicant parsons whose whole business seems to lie in trading on public sympathy by harrowing tales of distress which would draw on meaner heads the wrath of the Mendicity Society. One clergyman boasts of having posted two hundred begging-letters in a day. Another takes the whole ecclesiastical surface of England, and sweeps with his drag-net one rural deanery a month. There can be no doubt of the general honesty of the clergy, but there can be as little of their abhorrence of accounts; and one incumbent of an East-end parish, who had received large sums during his incumbency, confessed at its close that the only accounts he had kept had been putting the money into his pocket with one hand and taking it out with the other. But were they ever so accurate on this point, their very sympathy and narrowness of benevolent aim would prevent the clergy from being fit dispensers of any large amount of public alms. No persons will probably learn more from joining in local committees, from contact with employers of labour, and from being forced to view the question of poverty from a wider and more public standing-ground than their own.

It will be well if local committees grasp firmly the fact that the only way in which funds entrusted to them can be usefully applied is in supplementing parochial relief, and in co-operating with the parochial authorities. The system of the Poor-laws, whose basis must be (we quite agree with Mr. Mill) simply a duty on the State's part to provide against actual starvation, is, in practice, too rigid and inelastic to satisfy all cases of distress. To offer the higher-class artisan, where work in a few months is a certainty, the stone-yard with sixpence a day and a loaf a week per child, is in effect to refuse him relief; and yet it is impossible for any large economic administration to enter into the differences, moral or social, of the applicants. This a voluntary committee may do, and to such cases we are of opinion they would do wisely in confining themselves. With the general mass of chronic distress it is impossible, and if possible it would be most unadvisable, that they should concern themselves, save by bringing a judicious outside influence to bear on the Poor-law administration of the district. An intermixture of Guardians on the committee will do this better than any formal definition of connexion between the two bodies; while members of this class would bring to the aid of their coadjutors a great deal of useful caution and experience. In short, every effort should be directed to ensuring that the system which the Guardians profess to administer is strengthened, and not weakened, by their efforts. In spite of philanthropic talk, we adhere to the old-fashioned opinion that a labour test lies at the very foundation of all sound and healthy poor relief; and any system of public benevolence which makes no effort to secure this fails at the very outset. The "stone-yard" is rather out of fashion; but we are glad to see that, in the attempt which Miss Bardett Coutts is now making in Bethnal Green to substitute a better system for the old plan of indiscriminate charity, the committee who are administering her bounty are doing so through labour. It is simply ridiculous to say that the Poor-law has failed in places like Poplar, where its first requirement is set at naught; and, of their whole 9,000 recipients of out-door relief, 170 only are admitted to the stone-yard. Still more important is it that these committees should remember that their office is necessarily exceptional and temporary, but not in the sense which they seem disposed to attach to the words. So long as poor relief has to be afforded in addition to the relief from "the House," so long, whether it be summer or winter, it would be well that it should be afforded through public bodies of this kind, and not through irresponsible and personal agencies. But such a state of things should be regarded as in itself exceptional, and the whole strength of these committees might be usefully bent to making the Poor-law administration adequate to the task it has to discharge. The subject will certainly be brought before the consideration of Parliament in the coming Session, and it will rest very much with those who are learning lessons of sad experience in the present terrible distress to decide whether the deliberations of Parliament shall be brought to some useful conclusion. To weigh the facts, to note defects, to collect evidence, to form public opinion on a point where it is so profoundly uninstructed, is work quite as charitable and more beneficial to the poor than the institution of soup-kitchens, or the sowing lanes and alleys with coal-tickets.

ANOTHER LEAGUE.

"EXHAUSTED worlds and then imagined new." We all know whose sublime genius performed this wonderful feat. If Shakespeare's performance has not been equalled, it has been reserved to our own Beales, at any rate, to burst one bladder and to puff out another. Not satisfied with his achievements as President of the domestic Reform League, the great M.A. has taken to the cosmopolitan and œcumenical line, and an Association large as humanity itself and capacious enough to satisfy the aspirations of Anacharsis Clootz has been, as they say, inaugurated, with Edmund Beales, Esq., as local President of the English Branch of the International League of Peace and Liberty. We owe this sublime brotherhood to the Peace Congress of Geneva held last autumn. As that scandalous assemblage may have been forgotten in the strife of our domestic factions, it may be well to recall to mind that it was attended by Garibaldi, who, on the bellicose break-up of the Conference, immediately signaled his appreciation of the blessings of peace by engaging in a desperate filibustering expedition, which ended in bloodshed, and has seriously disorganized the Italian kingdom. It is a curious fact, though it may be only a coincidence, that the Congress met at Geneva early in September, and that before the month was out the Manchester outrage—that is, the declaration, on the part of the Fenians, of war to the knife against the State of England—took place. It was in the first week of October that the Reform League—"Edmund Beales, M.A., President"—held its St. James's Hall meeting, colourably for the purpose of voting sympathy with Garibaldi, who was not, but who ought to have been, "pining in a dungeon," at which meeting Mr. Bradlaugh invoked the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Orsini as sanctifying the cause of peace and liberty. It may, perhaps, be attributing too much to the secret machinations of the Geneva conspirators to connect this gathering of the Red faction with the subsequent outbreak in Italy, and with the immediate audacity of Fenianism in England. Throughout Europe the smouldering flame of revolution has burst out with a suspicious uniformity since the autumn, and, as we have said, the Peace Congress met early in September. What, at the time, looked much like a clumsy joke on the part of Garibaldi and Victor Hugo, and the delegates from the Reform League in the distinguished persons of Odger and Cremer, becomes significant and instructive when read by the lurid light of arson and illustrated by the infernal machines of London. Revolutionary platitudes cease to be a joke when they are translated into the very intelligible commonplace of midnight murders, blowing up two or three streets, and the organized assassination of the police.

The Resolutions passed by the Geneva Congress have been "adopted as the basis of the English branch," and, now that we can read them in action and at our own doors, it may seem to be superfluous to examine a mass of stilted rubbish which has lost its interest as mere declamation. But though such contemptible nonsense may not be more worthy of remembrance than any other literary absurdity, it is perhaps worth while to recall the language under which the plotters against order in every European community conceal their machinations. The programme of the propaganda is large enough. "The Governments of the Great Powers of Europe having shown themselves incapable of preserving peace and of guaranteeing the progressive development of the moral and material forces of modern society . . . the International Congress, desirous of founding peace on democracy and liberty, Resolves to endeavour to form public opinion on the true nature of government . . . to seek to substitute national militias for standing armies . . . and to start a newspaper at Berne or Basle"—Geneva being found too cool a spot for igniting the fiery cross—"under the title of the *United States of Europe*." These vague generalities, which are even susceptible of a plausible interpretation not quite inconsistent with propriety, and which at the worst might only be cant, we are now in a position to understand in their real significance. When we were told that the apostles of peace were simply to be engaged in "endeavouring to form and enlighten public opinion on the true nature of government, which should be the embodiment of the public will," we only remembered the frothy sentimentalism of '89 and '48; but now we understand what is to be the course of this Gospel of Peace. Public opinion has been enlightened by the powder barrel of Clerkenwell, and the "true nature of government" has been inculcated by the revealed purpose to destroy all government. At Geneva, Garibaldi, in his usual headlong and precipitate way, admitted that universal peace could only be attained by the destruction of every existing Government in Europe, and he did not lose a week without proceeding to put his doctrine into practice. All tyrants must be crushed before *Astræa* returns; and Garibaldi began by levying war against the Pope, Italy, and France at once. The Fenian leaders have followed suit; and though we may acquit Mr. Beales personally of any knowledge of the Jacobinism of his allies, it is certain that, as the reign of peace is impossible in the teeth of "military monarchies" and "the existence and increase of permanent armies," it follows that, if peace is to be restored, the monarchies must be destroyed and the standing armies annihilated. We hardly think that Garibaldi and the Fenians propose to assault the accursed Jerichos of Europe with trumpets of rams' horns, and if the walls of Paris and London are to fall down it will be under the stress of something more substantial than the incoherent shout of the Berne newspaper or the Genevese manifesto. Peace is to be secured; but universal peace is unfortunately un-

attainable except by universal war; and civil bloodshed, intestine strife, rebellion, and sedition at home, fostered by the unemployed filibusters of either hemisphere who happen to have no privatering on hand, are the pleasant paths by which the blessing of the coming millennium is to be reached. The experience of the last few months has taught us that the future United States of Europe can only come into existence by the dissolution of every political bond in existence, and the pure democracy can find no other way of completing the political edifice of Christendom except by extirpating every civilized government. We judge only of the future from the past. Geneva has been interpreted by Fenianism at home and the Garibaldian raid in Italy.

To expose the impudent folly of a person with the antecedents of Mr. Beales appearing as the President of a Peace League would be superfluous were he not constitutionally incapable of seeing an absurdity. On a late occasion he professed the utmost indignation at the imputation of any sympathy with the Fenian cause; but we must remind him of the old Æsopian apologue of the fate which awaits the trumpeter of an army. No doubt Mr. Beales does not approve of infernal machines, or of picking off policemen by dagger or revolver; but he holds that in the last resource insurrection is a duty, and we are not aware that he has ever said that Fenianism deserves a severer condemnation than that it is impolitic and premature. He takes credit for having used a happy influence in preventing London streets from running with blood; but were it ever to come to this, that the embodiment of the public will was impossible without this rather considerable effusion of gore, certainly his Genevese associates, if not Mr. Beales himself, would have very little difficulty in accepting the necessity of the case. The authoritative address of the Fenian Brotherhood plainly declares the whole social condition of England to be the result of rapine and robbery, and insurrection and invasion are actually appealed to as the only means of repairing the wrongs of Ireland, and, by implication, of securing the liberty of "the working and disinherited classes" in England.

In a certain sense, we feel some relief that things have come to this pass. It became a question what the Reform League would do after the passing of the Act of last Session. The personal secession of Beales from Potter was significant of a more decided separation on first principles; and the Garibaldi meeting at St. James's Hall has been naturally followed up by the development of the President of the Reform League into the President of the Geneva League, or, rather, of the English Lodge of the Red Republicans. It may be said that the Peace League is an open society, and that the Fenian conspiracy works by masked brotherhoods and secret oaths; but Mazzini and Ledru Rollin and their party had the same objects in view as Orsini or Berezowski or the murderers of Count Rossi, just as political murder has always had its theoretical as well as practical exponents; and in "a true cosmopolitan federation" there is sure to be room enough for those who are only divided by such accidental and unimportant differences as a controversy about the exact point at which the material should supersede the moral argument. At present we are quite ready to assume that Mr. Beales seriously believes that he will never recommend more serious assaults on peace and property than those which attended the sacking of Hyde Park; but Narcissa's nature was not given to the Manchester martyrs. Anyhow, there are a good many persons who hold Mr. Beales to be responsible for the present audacity of the Fenian traitors, and who do not hesitate to say that, if he did not contemplate these results of his victory over an impotent Secretary of State, he has chosen a very inopportune method of showing that disapprobation of Fenianism which he now professes. We must for the second time remind Mr. Beales that it is not yet more than two months since he said that it was "wholly to misinterpret his spirit and language" to suppose that he ever intended "one word of denunciation of the motives" or denial of the "patriotism" of the Fenians, and that, as a general principle, he is persuaded that, under certain circumstances, "to the arbitrament of civil war recourse may be had." These are Mr. Beales's deliberate sentiments; and when a man holding and avowing these principles becomes President of a Peace Society, we can very well anticipate what sort of peace he is likely to seek and ensue. If there could remain any doubt as to what is the real meaning of the Geneva doctrines, it would be dispelled by the remarkable address of the French democrats, in the persons of M. Pyat and his brethren, to the English democrats, in which not only the sacred duty of rebellion is taught generally, but the particular necessity of an Irish rebellion, especially impersonated in Allen and his associates, is distinctly urged.

THE THEATRES.

THE customs of Puritanism could hardly be expected to furnish a canon for the principles of theatrical management, nevertheless the aspect of the present Christmas recalls to mind one of the most daring and unpopular of the Roundhead innovations. The Puritans, in order to destroy the Popish association of merriment with Yuletide, formally changed the Feast of the Nativity into a fast. The theatrical managers of the present year show a tendency to emulate this exploit by dissolving the tie that has long connected Christmas with those dramatic symbols of holiday mirth, the pantomime and the extravaganza. The very season during which, by prescriptive right, folly was allowed supreme rule over the London stage, has been selected by several of our caterers of amusement as the period for a display of intense intellectuality.

Noting this very pronounced tendency, one is inclined to marvel that they did not all bring out a five-act comedy on Boxing-day, thus producing an effect analogous to that of the "four-and-twenty Lord Mayors" shows all of a row," described in a now-forgotten song as one of the most astounding fictions of civic mythology. This extreme, however, they shunned, being swayed no doubt by the reflection that the regular theatrical critics of the daily papers are neither innumerable nor ubiquitous, and that the duty of passing judgment on emanations of pure intellect could not safely be trusted to the occasional Aristarchus or Zoilus who, admirably experienced in the sayings and doings of legal tribunals, does not professionally go to the play save on the occasion of the two great festivals when all hands are pressed into the theatrical service. With the exception of Mr. Benjamin Webster, who honoured the feast of the proto-martyr by bringing out at the Adelphi a dramatic version of *No Thoroughfare*, in which he and Mr. Fechter play the principal characters, and which has proved highly successful, the anti-pantomimic managers have generally preferred to ignore Boxing-day altogether, and have chosen some indifferent day, a little before or a little after, for the production of their un-Christmaslike novelties.

The large houses of course remain true to the cause of pantomime. *Faw-fee-fo-fum*, or *Harlequin Jack the Giant Killer*, which is the annual at Drury Lane, stands at the head of the list, illustrated as it is by Beverley and the usual glittering corps of dancing acolytes, and enlivened as it is by a juvenile harlequinade company, added to the double troupe prescribed by the by-law of the establishment. Next to it we may place the *Babes in the Wood* at Covent Garden, where "Matt Morgan," the artist of the *Tomahawk*, paints a very brilliant transformation scene, and the tribe of Payne display their perennial talents. Mr. E. T. Smith, succeeding Mr. Fechter in the management of the Lyceum, opened on Boxing-night with a pantomime embodying the traditional loves of *Cock Robin and Jenny Wren*, and composed on the principle of his old Astley's pantomimes, noted for the profusion with which he heaped together every kind of gorgeousness. Here the part of Cock Robin, who is transformed into another hero of the nursery, the "little man who wooed a little maid," is sustained by Miss Caroline Parkes, a very clever actress of burlesque; here there is a so-called "Watteau Harlequin," represented by a Miss Esther Austen, with powdered hair, and spangled shorts; here the *Can-can* is danced with a freedom which it is said, by some with disapproval, by others with delight, would not be tolerated by the police of Paris.

Pantomime also reigns supreme in all the suburbs, and at the new house in Holborn; but just at those theatres which more than any others reflect the dramatic taste of the higher classes it is not to be found. In nearly all these somebody has been trying his hand at comedy, and, be it added, has achieved a failure. There is, indeed, a burlesque at the Haymarket, and another at the Olympic, but these are unimportant affairs, and are not intended to constitute the main attraction of an evening.

The most respectable figure among the anti-pantomimists is made by the handsome new theatre which was opened for the first time last autumn, and is called the New Queen's. The manager of this establishment has judiciously engaged Mr. Toole, who has brought with him *Doing for the Best*, a pleasant little dramatic comedy scarcely known, if not strictly new to London, and well established at Liverpool. The moral teaching of the work, to the effect that a sudden acquisition of fortune is to an humble and uneducated man a source of misery rather than of delight, is trite enough; but the piece is well played throughout, and the honest carpenter, shown first in the contented enjoyment of as much poverty as is consistent with fair wages and constant employment, afterwards in the shape of an upstart, insolent "snob," and lastly in the state of rapture consequent on his loss of that wealth which has been equally fatal to his pleasures and his principles, is just one of those parts which Mr. Toole can sustain better than any actor of the day. An excellent little drama written by Mr. H. J. Byron, and entitled *Dearer than Life*, has been brought out at the New Queen's in the course of the present week, and promises to be one of the most successful pieces of the day.

A work of higher pretension than *Doing for the Best*, but of a less pleasing kind, is *From Grave to Gay*, a comedy adapted by Mr. B. Webster, junior, from *Feu Lionel*, the last but one of the almost innumerable pieces written by the late second M. Scribe. This piece reminds one somewhat of the comedy described in Sheridan's *Critic*, which put housebreaking into so ridiculous a light that bolts and bars were on the point of becoming superfluous. Suicide is the weakness contemplated by the dramatic satirist on this occasion. He shows us the annoyances of a gentleman who was on the point of leaping into the Thames, but was accidentally or providentially saved, and who, being universally voted dead, finds that the lamentations of the world over his untimely end are terribly disproportionate to his expectations. Thus self-destruction comes to look so very absurd that no man, however desperate, would cut his own throat, for fear of being laughed out of countenance. The piece, though slightly rambling, is nevertheless amusing, and is well worth seeing, if only for the sake of the acting of Mr. Charles Mathews, who, as a shrewd lawyer's clerk, settles everybody's affairs, and rejoices in a perpetual reflection on his own cleverness.

On the other hand, a comedy by Mr. Burnand, entitled *Humbly*, and brought out at the New Royalty, where it ushered in Christmas as dismally as the Waits, is a very heavy affliction. Never was burlesque more successful than Mr. Burnand's *Black-eyed Susan*,

which still cleaves to the Soho boards, but there is a certain gulph between burlesque and comedy which is apparently beyond his power of leap. Ambition he does not lack. He set before himself a canvass on which he intended to portray every variety of the genus Humbug. But so many are the figures, so faintly are they coloured, and so inartificially are they grouped, that in lieu of a finished composition we only have a smear.

Far greater is the merit of Mr. Boucicault's comedy *How She Loves Him*, originally produced in the United States, afterwards brought out at Liverpool, and now played at the Prince of Wales's, but its success is of the most moderate. The ingenious author has thrown himself upon his writing with a zeal worthy of a coffee-house wit of the old school, and sparkling epigrams are scattered profusely through the whole of his dialogue. But a modern audience will not be satisfied with verbal pleasantries unless their serious sympathies are to some extent secured. The position of a divorced lady, of whom a fortune-hunting adventurer is the legitimate adorer, while her quondam husband, whom she still loves, and by whom she is still beloved, woos her in a sort of intriguing fashion, is found to be the reverse of interesting; and the jests that arise from the moral perplexity are heard with disfavour. Then certain practical jokes that occur—when the husband, feigning sickness to attract his wife, brings together four doctors, representing as many medical theories—are condemned as farcical beyond the possibility of toleration. No body of men is more severely moral or more severely critical than a theatrical audience that is not amused. Nor has Mr. Boucicault the advantage of that equal and complete acting which has so largely contributed to the success of Mr. Robertson's comedies at the same theatre. The Prince of Wales's has gained an honourable character as a nursery for rising talent, and Mr. Bancroft, as the representative of drawing "swells," and Mr. Hare, as the delineator of marked character as exhibited in the most various classes of society, stand as high as any among the theatrical notables of the day, though their names were utterly unknown in London till the obscure house in Tottenham Street was raised to its present sparkling condition by Miss Marie Wilton. But there are two or three mistakes in the cast of *How She Loves Him*. The right man is not always in the right place, and one is wrong altogether.

More free from offence, and perfectly free from wit of any kind, is *A Wife Well Won*, the Haymarket novelty, written by Mr. E. Falconer, on the basis of a novel by Paul de Kock, called *L'Homme aux Trois Culottes*. This shows the rise of a sort of Parisian Claude Melnotte from the condition of a journeyman printer to that of a general in the army of Italy, and his corresponding union with a lady of aristocratic birth, whose position resembles as closely as possible that of Pauline Deschappelles. Something like a humorous turn is given to the tale by the circumstance that the fortunate man, at every stage of promotion, puts on one of three pairs of diversely-coloured breeches, the bequest of a deceased uncle, who has experienced their lucky influence. This notion is not worked out with the slightest ingenuity, the breeches having no real connexion with the advance of the wearer, whose fortunes would have been precisely the same if he had worn any other garment. What is most remarkable about the piece is the fact that it is so exceedingly like the *Lady of Lyons*, one of the most popular of modern plays, and at the same time so utterly devoid of interest and so unthankful to every person engaged in its representation. Mr. Sothorn's selection of such a character as that of the republican printer can only be accounted for by the hypothesis of a voluntary penance, in conformity with the Puritanical precedent mentioned at the head of this article.

But of all the dreary solemnities of this present Yuletide, the dreariest and most solemn, though by no means the least meritorious, is Mr. Craven's five-act comedy, the *Needful*, brought out at the St. James's. It is the mistake of a very clever and original dramatist, who, having gained an honourable name by writing two or three charming little pieces in which he acts the principal part, has fancied that by loosely attaching a large number of additional characters to a nucleus not more considerable than that of his former works, he can easily augment two acts into five. As the personages in Mr. Burnand's *Humbly* cohere through the circumstance that they are intended to be types of one species of moral blemish, so is it with the characters in the *Needful*, who all represent the mercenary tendency of the age, with the exception of the favoured few to whom they serve as foils. Altogether, the two pieces have a certain affinity to each other, through the want of definite purpose that is common to them both.

The *Colleen Bawn*, revived at the Princess's Theatre, with better scenery than was ever before bestowed upon it in London, and with Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault in their original parts, has been so successful as to enable the manager to ignore Christmas altogether.

REVIEWS.

HANDBOOK OF THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.*

It is not without a sensation of surprise that we find ourselves reviewing Schwegler's *Sketch of the History of Philosophy*. It is, if we are not mistaken, fifteen years since Schwegler's

* *Handbook of the History of Philosophy*. By Dr. Albert Schwegler. Translated and Annotated by James Hutchison Stirling, LL.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1867.

Outlines were first published. Why it is that in 1867 a person wishing to translate a German handbook of the history of philosophy should have passed by the compilations of Erdmann or Ueberweg, in order to go back to Schwegler's book, we do not feel able to explain. So pure a Hegelian as Dr. Stirling could find no objection to Erdmann's *Grundriss* in the fact that its author is one of the last remaining representatives of Hegelianism pure and simple. And, as an introduction to the literature of the subject, Schwegler's book, which does not attempt it, can bear no comparison with Ueberweg's, which almost exhausts it. Dr. Stirling assigns, as one reason for his selection, that Schwegler's book has sold in Germany to the extent of 20,000 copies, which, it says the German publisher, "the best proof of its excellence." This is indeed a conclusive reason for a publisher. It is also a reason which ought to have weight with a translator. But Dr. Stirling, though justly anxious, as every author must be, for a sale, cannot be indifferent to other considerations. He must surely know that the large German sale of Schwegler, till it was superseded by newer books, was owing to a cause which cannot be said, from an author's point of view, to be the best proof of its excellence. It became a school text-book, and edition after edition was absorbed by students cramming for examinations. Dr. Stirling tells us that "we learn from Professor Erdmann (Preface to his *Grundriss*) that its (Schwegler's *Sketch*, i.e.) extraordinary success with students has given rise to various imitations." But he does not tell us that Erdmann adds, in the very same sentence, that Schwegler himself would have been horrified could he have known that his slight and hasty performance would attain a pinnacle of preferment which would place its defects in so conspicuous a light. For the interests both of the translator and of the spirited publishers, we shall be extremely glad to learn that the translation has met with a sale as extensive as has been reached by the original. It is quite possible it may do so. The system of examinations is developing fast in this country. The "Moral Science" department of the wholesale cramming-houses which are rising up on every side will not be slow, we should think, to adopt Schwegler's "Handbook." The German experience which has found Schwegler so "excellent" for preparing a boy to pass an examination in the subject without knowing anything of it cannot be lost upon our own establishments for "private tuition," whether "by the sea-side" or elsewhere.

It is possible that there may be matters which can be learnt and taught in compendiums. But the *History of Philosophy* is, we strongly suspect, not one of such subjects. Perhaps the lives of the philosophers, and their external relations to each other, their succession or sequence, and their classification into schools, are matters which are capable of being taught in an elementary course and an abridged shape. But the attempt to represent in a few sentences the contents and bearings of a great system is itself an impossibility. To offer such abridged representations as introductory matter to the tyro in philosophical studies is a further error in education. Any beginner can make the experiment. Let him read over, e.g., the synopsis of the Hegelian system as presented in Schwegler's *Outlines*, and see if, supposing him to be without previous ideas about that system, he can acquire any by the process. Yet that synopsis is skillfully made. But its meaning is only to be elicited by the antecedent possession of the knowledge to which it proposes itself as an introduction. Handbooks of the History of Philosophy may be useful as memoranda of dates and facts, and as introductions to the literature of the subject, in the way that Tennemann's or Ueberweg's laborious compilations are done. But Schwegler's contains no literary apparatus, and very few particular references.

Dr. Stirling is one whom we should be glad to see once more engaged in more original employment than that of a translator. His *Secret of Hegel* showed him to be one of the select few who have been at the trouble of mastering the mysteries of German philosophy, which educated men in this country are content to regard from the outside. It is the more surprising that Dr. Stirling should not recognise that that philosophy cannot be presented—we do not say adequately, but at all—in translations. It is quite capable of being explained, interpreted, made intelligible to us; but not by bare translation. The reasons of this fact would require more space to draw out than our limits allow. But the fact itself is sufficiently proved by all experience of similar attempts. Where is the English translation of any German metaphysical work which is not more difficult than the original? Can any translation of such a book into our language be produced which is even English? Dr. Stirling's own exposition of Hegel, made up largely of translations from Hegel's *Logic*, left Hegel pretty much as great a secret to the English reader as he is in the German. The truth is, that what is required for the conveyance of an abstract system of thought out of the language in which it was conceived into another is something much more than translation. The process requisite is interpretation. It is not a change of language, but a transfer of thought. We must have, not merely the words rendered out of German into English, but the ideas represented to us in a mode accordant with our own habits of thought. If in any case this representation is impossible, then we may be sure that the only access to that system is through the language in which it originated, and which forms an inseparable portion of it. There is an English school of logic; we are developing a native school of physiological psychology; on morals and politics we have always had sterling writers. But the transcendental metaphysics in which Kant and Hegel deal are not naturalized in England. Is not one reason of this that the English vocabulary

has adequate expressions for logical, physiological, moral, and political conceptions, while it has few or none applicable to the speculations of transcendental ontology? Hence it is that translations of German philosophy are done into a dialect which is not English, but of which the words are outwardly English, while their meaning can only be detected by reference to the German original of which they profess to be a translation. Any one who proposes to read this translation of Schwegler will do well to provide himself with a copy of the German as a resource in cases of difficulty.

Dr. Hutchison Stirling himself is neither a confused thinker nor an obscure writer. An essay which he has lately published on De Quincey and Coleridge shows an intelligence clear of all fog, and a power of direct and forcible exposition. Its exposure of Coleridge's plagiarism from Schelling, though it would have been more graceful had it been less tinged with self-satisfaction, is final on the question. His account of the mode, half conscious, half unconscious, in which Coleridge lapsed into his appropriation of another's thoughts and words is a really fine piece of psychological tracery. So in the little volume which is now before us, Dr. Stirling has appended some fifty or sixty pages of annotations which, taken by themselves, will be found very interesting and original reading. Of those notes, one is on Comte; and another, headed *The Sophists*, is really on Grote. Each of these demands a few words of notice.

Mr. Grote had, we may remind the reader, in his remarks on Plato's dialogue called *Theatetus*, called in question Plato's account of Protagoras's famous doctrine, "Man the measure of all things." This Protagorean dictum Plato explains to have meant, or implied, that "every opinion of every man is true." Mr. Grote, commenting on this explanation, corrects Plato. It is impossible that Protagoras can have delivered such an opinion. What Protagoras must have meant is that "every opinion of every man is true to that man himself." Plato, in expounding Protagoras, had fallen into the fallacy of arguing "a dicto secundum quid ad dictum simpliciter." He had left out a qualification which makes all the difference. The qualifying words, "to that man himself," are, says Mr. Grote, the characteristic feature of the Protagorean doctrine. Protagoras would not declare any proposition to be true absolutely. Truth absolute there is none. All truth is truth relative to some one or more persons, either actually accepting and believing in it, or conceived as potential believers under certain circumstances. The dog, the horse, the new-born child, the lunatic, is each a measure of truth to himself.

The historical inquiry into what was Protagoras's meaning we leave on one side. But we ask, with Dr. Stirling, what is Mr. Grote's meaning? Can Mr. Grote really suppose that, by the addition of the words "to that man himself," he has made an important, or any, addition to the dictum that "every opinion of every man is true"? This dictum, without the "qualification," must mean in English and to us, as it meant in Greek to Plato, that what is true and right to a man—what seems to him true—is the only truth and right attainable. It must mean that there is no other definition of truth than "that which seems to each man." Truth is as multiform as particular minds. There is no such thing as an object in itself endowed with permanent qualities. In every act of cognition, the thinking and feeling subject endows the object with its own qualities. And so, no two minds being alike, no two objects are alike. Each man has his own peculiar allotment of mental activity, to which his cognition must be relative.

This is the opinion which Plato ascribes, rightly or wrongly, to Protagoras. It is the doctrine, so called, of Relativity, in its earliest form. And it is expressed, or intended to be expressed, by the proposition that "every opinion of every man is true." So at least it seems to us. But Mr. Grote says No. He cannot think that Protagoras ever delivered the opinion which Plato thus ascribes to him. The doctrine of Protagoras must have been the very different doctrine that "every opinion of every man is true to that man himself." We must confess that we share Dr. Stirling's difficulty, and that we are unable to understand what is then the doctrine imputed to Protagoras by Mr. Grote. What is the gist of the qualification? It is impossible to suppose that Mr. Grote means that what the dog, the horse, the lunatic feels, he does feel. This merely tautological assertion would be no doctrine of philosophy at all, much less an "important" doctrine. Yet, by the stress which Mr. Grote lays upon his qualification, he evidently thinks he has made a great amendment upon the original Platonic exposition. That exposition of the Protagorean dictum, right or wrong, was at least both clear and important. Mr. Grote's addition is either not clear, in the only sense in which we can understand it, not important.

We cannot follow Dr. Stirling into his examination of Mr. Grote's own theory of relativity. He shows satisfactorily, we think, that through all Mr. Grote's language on the subject there was a self-contradiction. In explicating subjectivity, he cannot help implicating objectivity. There is a natural dialectic of language which defeats all attempts to enthronement what may be called an absolute subjectivity. It is in vain for Mr. Grote, or for any Protagorean, to deny the rights of the objective; the very terms in which they are denied imply them. If he only offers proof of any proposition, to what does such an offer amount, but to a recognition of a common tribunal of appeal, outside alike appellant and plaintiff? Nay, predication itself is an appeal to a common percept. The difference between individual minds must not blind us to their resemblance. Mr. Grote asks, "Can it really be necessary to

repent that the reason of one man differs most materially from that of another, and the reason of the same person from itself, at different times, in respect of the arguments accepted, the authorities obeyed, the conclusions embraced?" But it would be equally easy and equally true to reply by asking, "Can it really be necessary to repeat that the reason of one man does not differ materially from that of another, but, on the contrary, that the faculties of reason and perception in one man are essentially identical with those of another?"

In this criticism we cannot but think that Dr. Hutchison Stirling has the right on his side. The richness of instruction and illustration with which Mr. Grote's dissertation on the Theætetus teems makes us hesitatingly admit that there is any entanglement of thought where the resources of knowledge are so ample. The contrast, indeed, between the stately march of Mr. Grote's page, laden with the spoils of all the ages, and the arid, polemical hectoring tone of Mr. Grote's critic, tends to prepossess one, but it must not blind us to the fact that the keen dialectical perception of Dr. Stirling has here detected what—with submission we say it—appears to be a confusion of language, if not of thought. It were to have been wished, indeed, that the critic had offered his corrections with more of the spirit of humility, and more sense of what is due to the venerable historian of Greece. In his *Secret of Hegel*, Dr. Stirling had broken out with an overweening assumption upon Sir W. Hamilton. He does not, indeed, treat Mr. Grote with the same unpardonable disrespect and irreverence with which he thought it became him to speak of Sir W. Hamilton, then recently dead. We gladly note an improvement in this respect. But even yet Dr. Stirling appears to be only a novice in those courtesies of language, and those *bien-séances* of manner, which, in civilized parts of Europe, are usual between men of education. We believe Dr. Stirling to be right, and Mr. Grote to be, if not wrong, at least confused in expression, in the discussion of which we speak. But only theologians and rival grocers think that their being in the right entitles them to be rude to their opponents who are in the wrong.

Another note at the end of this *Handbook* is on Comte. In his *Criticism on Comte* Dr. Stirling does not appear to be so successful as in that on Grote. Dr. Stirling finds Comte's classification of the Sciences superficial and incomplete. We agree with this criticism. Yet, when he comes to detail his objections, we are unable to go along with him. He thinks, e.g., it an objection to this classification that its general principle is that of taking the simplest first, and the more complicated last; while the most common is, at the same time, the most vague and least discriminative expedient of classification. That a principle of arrangement is "common" is no more argument of its falsehood than it is of its truth. We cannot see how it can fairly be called "vague." For Comte has explained what is meant by "simple" with great precision. One science is more "simple" than another, or, as the Greeks might have said, "prior to it in the natural order," where the ideas proper to the one enter as a necessary element into a complete exposition of the other.

The other point criticized by Dr. Stirling is Comte's law of evolution—namely, that every class of human conceptions has, in its historical development, necessarily exhibited three successive stages, the Theological, the Metaphysical, and the Positive, which is the final stage. In discussing this view Dr. Stirling becomes rather violent and rambling. "Mankind, the Comtians may depend on it," he says, "will continue to talk of nature, and of a nature of things." Neither the "Comtians" (a form of the word which Dr. Stirling seems to prefer to "Comtist") nor any other philosophers can allow that what "mankind will continue to talk about" shall rule scientific conceptions. Here again Dr. Stirling seems to see his point with more clearness and justice than he is able to put into his proof. He is too well read in German philosophy to be carried off his feet by a hasty generalization like the one in question into the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive. There is a neatness and readiness of application about the "law of evolution" which recommends itself at once to that large class of minds which likes philosophical ideas, but has not leisure to examine them to the bottom. Indeed it is to this class of minds that Positivism in general appeals and is acceptable. It is, in this respect, an eminently French philosophy, and holds the place, in the present century, of Encyclopædism in the last. It can be appropriated at sight by any educated intelligence, and it fits a vast number of facts. This new illuminism will, no doubt, possess itself, for a time, of all the clear intellect which may be extant in France and England, where there exists no university education which can correct the superficial dogmatism of a philosophical literature. To a trained Hegelian like Dr. Stirling it no doubt seems laughable enough to have the threefold law of evolution cried up as the definite philosophy of history.

LAMPS, PITCHERS, AND TRUMPETS.*

OUR wonder in looking into the book which bears this extraordinary title is, what can have been the class or denomination of students for whose edification such lectures can have been intended. The whole thing, were it not for the sacredness of the topics incidentally touched upon, might be taken for a bit of inferior pleasantries—misplaced, if not malicious—at the expense of one of

the ordinary functions of religion. As it is, we suppose it must pass as a serious attempt to meet what the writer, from his particular point of view, regards as the crying want of the age. It is certainly curious that the very mention of the pulpit seems instinctively, in certain schools of quasi-religious thought, to summon up grotesque or comic associations. There are sects in which the preacher seems to be nothing if he cannot start off from the text with a broad joke, or at least keep his audience alive with a sly but tickling innuendo, while the reality of his conversion will be held to depend upon the amount or the dryness of the humour that he can squeeze into the telling of it. Those who are at all well read in literature of this sort will be able to hazard a pretty broad guess as to the general tone and contents of these lectures from the title which forms their key-note. Scriptural readers, it may be, will not need to be reminded of the passage in the life of Gideon which has supplied the lecturer with this highly characteristic and sensational heading. But those who may have the misfortune to be less familiar with the peculiar unctious or the distinctive twang which belongs to the school of religionists in question may be curious to hear the lecturer's own way of evolving out of that simple narrative "a parable of the foolishness of preaching, an illustration of the genius and the success of the pulpit—its method and its power":—

I have given to this lecture this title, because words are lamps, are pitchers, and are trumpets. Preaching to the intellect—to the intelligence—is as a lamp,—it sheds light over truths, over processes of argument, over means of conviction; preaching to the conscience is as a trumpet,—it calls up the soul from slumber, it makes it restless and unquiet; preaching to the experience is as a pitcher,—it bears refreshment, it cools and it calms the fever of the spirit, and it consoles and comforts the heart. Ordinarily, the preacher should combine all these qualities; but there are those whose faculties express themselves in one or the other of them; and therefore the image justifies a generalization of the life of the preacher beneath its distinctive sign.

The clearness and force of this trichotomy of pulpit power will be made more apparent if we look by turns at the specimens which the lecturer proceeds to give us of each variety of preaching. "George Fox was one of the most stirring trumpets of the Church." He shows "in an eminent manner what the voice of one crying in the wilderness may be." Whitefield was another such trumpet. "Such men had little to do with the still small voice. To set on fire the forests and to shake the mountains seemed their task." Theirs was altogether a different function from that of the pitcher, or even from that of the clear calm light of the lamp. Except the friars of the middle ages and the Methodist churches, hardly a specimen of the true trumpet has been produced. "One good man, whose field of labour has very naturally led him to adopt this method"—his field being the diggings in California—has laid down in his *Model Preacher* what he calls the "scorpion power," as the most important of all his ways of pulpit success. There are, to be sure, extraordinary instances in which the "bright mild radiance of the lamp" mingles with the "loud uproar of the trumpet" in awakening sinners. The lecturer has known cases in which "the most sonorous and stirring preacher has shed forth a beautiful illustrative gleam." It was so with "that extraordinary Yorkshire orator, William Dawson." "It has been well said that his eloquence on any other thought but his own would have seemed fantastic, but he often made his illustrations resplendently beautiful." When he spoke "men could not contain themselves." Dawson was, or is, a trumpet. We are ashamed to say that our knowledge of the lives of the modern saints does not extend to this worthy. From the sample of Mr. Dawson's eloquence given us here we should gather that his imagination revelled chiefly in Oriental visions of rubies, brilliants, and other precious stones. We should like to know whether he is to be identified with "happy Bill, the converted basket-maker," whom we understand to have been stumping of late various towns of the southern counties, "assisting a lady preacher of London," a collection being made after each service to defray expenses. A certain basket in the *Arabian Nights* was anyhow not so lucky in conducting the owner to wealth and to the lady of his choice. The modern trumpet, it seems, may be found a horn of plenty. On the other hand, the great Richard Watson, "a minister of the same denomination, and incomparably the greatest man that denomination has produced," was a lamp. His light was of the clear and steady sort. "Tall, calm, graceful, yet erect," his eloquence in one respect contradicted, it was said, the maxim attributed to Demosthenes. "He had no action, and all his utterances seemed simply an emanation of soul; and vast thought, severe taste, and solemn dignity characterized all his sermons." The proper maxim for the trumpet we should suppose to be that of Danton—*de l'audace, toujours de l'audace*. On reverting to other times, the lecturer "at once thinks of Lancelot Andrewes, the good old bishop," as a pitcher. It is true that the strange allegories in which he was wont to speak, his "strange Latin conundrums and quiddities, ever and anon recurring, like the mystic lozenge-shaped quincunial garden of Cyrus," seem like a "quaint spiritual confection." But we soon feel a sensation of refreshment, as of home-made bread, or of pure water springs. "These pages hold comfortable and solacing words, good bread and home-baked, though in a strangely-shaped mould; good water, though in a pitcher of strange device."

Bishop Andrewes, we suspect, would be not a little amazed at the sort of spiritual earthenware with which he would find himself made to keep company in these lectures. Under the title of "Pulpit Monographs," we are treated to a collection of celebrities, living and dead, who come up to the lecturer's ideal of sanctity.

* *Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets.* Lectures delivered to Students for the Ministry, on the Vocation of the Preacher, by Edwin Paxton Hood. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder. 1867.

He is reduced, indeed, to deplore his inability to do justice to the wealth and magnificence of his theme. Would, he exclaims, that we had some Vasari, or Lanzi, or Stirling, to tell the tale of the pulpit as those delightful writers have told the tale of the art of painting, and its triumphs and glories. "Surely it is worthy!—surely the story of the lamp, pitcher, and trumpet is equal in interest and in value to that of the crayon, the palette, or the pencil." One difficulty in portraying aright the achievements of this line of saints and heroes lies in the low estimate they have themselves bequeathed of their own feats and deservings. "I am but a brown-bread preacher," one of the greatest of them is reported to have said. "I have nothing of politeness in my language or address; but I seek to help all I can to heaven in the best way I can." This instance of modest worth is taken from the *Annals of the American Methodist Pulpit*—a "bulky work, full of the delightful garrulousness of many men." We confess to a little uncertainty as to what brown-bread preachers may be like. We should imagine the term, however, from the lecturer's point of view, coming up, in backward phraseology, to something like the equivalent of what "jannock" is in Mr. Gladstone's county. So long as an unlimited supply of preachers of this batch is to be had, we can understand our author being amused "to think of such unconverted pagans and Philistines as *Saturday Reviewers* and *Daily Telegraphs* jeremiading over the decay of power in the pulpit." The lecturer complains that most of these fastidious critics demand, as the great essentials for pulpit eminence, that "the ear should be tickled and the soul put to sleep," and say that "ministers are simply nuisances." At the same time he is quite prepared to admit that "if the pulpit cannot prove itself, it had better go down." We ought therefore to be grateful to a writer who can show us how the pulpit is to prove itself and so to keep up. It is clear that he has little hope of the Established Church, seeing that "of nearly the twenty thousand clergymen in the English Church few enough give full proof of their ministry." An instance will perhaps serve better than any more abstract distinction to illustrate his conception of the saving alternative that exists between tickling the ear and waking up the soul. In his lecture on "wit, humour, and coarseness in the pulpit," after some remarkable reflections on the use of monkeys and peacocks in the service of the temple, we are treated to an anecdote in which the opposite styles of preaching are brought into contrast. In a certain chapel, at the same service, two ministers were to preach—Sammy Breeze, a well-known Welsh Calvinistic Methodist preacher, and another:—

The other took the first place—a young man with some tints of academical training, and some of the livid lights of a then only incipient Rationalism on his mind. He took for his text—"He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned"; but he condoned the heavy condemnation, and, in an affected manner, shaded off the darkness of the doom of unbelief, very much in the style of another preacher, who told his hearers that he "feared lest they should be doomed to a place which good manners forbade him from mentioning." The young man also grew sentimental, and begged pardon of an audience, rather more polite than usual, for the sad statement made in the text. "But, indeed," said he, "he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not—indeed, I regret to say, I beg your pardon for uttering the terrible truth—but indeed he shall be sentenced to a place which here I dare not mention." Then rose Sammy Breeze. He began—"I shall take the same text to-night which you have just heard. Our young friend has been very foine to-night; he has told you some very polite things. I am not very foine, and I am not polite; but I will preach a little bit of Gospel to you, which is this—'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tanned,' and I begs no pardons."

A slight apology is tendered for putting forward Peter Cartwright, the prizefighter, whose discourses "not infrequently had all the most offensive vulgarity" of the quotations brought together from Romish and other sources. Christianity, it is mildly suggested, though with some fear of contradiction, "does not smile upon and approve bullying and pugilism." "He was a strange fellow this Peter Cartwright, a gentle-minded, lamb-like Christian, to whom it was a matter of equal indifference whether he should fight or preach." However, even "if circumstances should arise to develop the spirit of the prize-ring in the Christian preacher," the lecturer would hardly desire literally to "see this spirit return into the midst of our pulpit life." Notwithstanding, belonging as he did "to a society of rowdies and filibusters, of scoundrels and slaveowners, it may be that the coarse and vulgar pugilist, Peter Cartwright, was inherently a finer character than the scholarly South." Scholarship, indeed, so far from being an indispensable requisite, or even a useful adjunct, to a preacher's preparation, would appear to be a positive hindrance to his effectiveness. Nearly all the cutting things in the book are directed against the misguided possessors of learning and culture, in contrast with those favoured lights of nature who alone are entitled to rank as lamps, pitchers, or trumpets. The poor wretches who put any trust in study, critical thought, or exactitude and refinement of language are but dumb dogs who cannot bark. It is true the writer makes a show of historical and critical investigation. He goes over the roll of pulpit celebrities, ancient and modern. He re-echoes the old commonplaces about the "golden-mouthed Chrysostom and the silvery Augustine." But it is chiefly with the result of heaping contempt upon all serious study of the past, picking out for admiration anything that is startling, racy, or simply in the lowest taste in the pulpit effusions of the early and middle ages. As for the study of the Fathers, he is clearly in accord with the clergyman whom he quotes approvingly as saying that, for his part, he "preferred studying the Mothers." Throughout the whole book there is not the most distant allusion to the knowledge of languages, classic or Oriental; to Bible history, philosophy, science, or art; or, in a word, to the most rudimentary elements

of an ordinary education. The candidates whom such a teacher would consider eligible for the ministry would be spared all this old-fashioned armour of the preacher. They would be shown their model in Mr. Ward Beecher, whose power we are told lies in "a good pair of eyes," and who is "the most fertile master of varied illustration in our modern pulpit"; or in Mr. Spurgeon, who has "an accumulative breadth and height of theological furniture." Even as regards his own native tongue, the would-be preacher has no need to be particular. He has the authority of Rowland Hill, who said to his excellent co-pastor, Theophilus Jones, "Never mind breaking grammar if the Lord enables you to break the poor sinner's heart." The one qualification for a lamp, pitcher, or trumpet seems to be an unbounded flow of mother wit and animal spirits, with the power of combining unlimited fun and chaff with Scriptural language and ideas. To take his place among the modern sons of thunder he should go forth with nothing else but the Bible, without note or comment, in one hand, and Joe Miller in the other.

OXFORD AND ITS EDUCATIONAL REFORM.*

UNIVERSITY reform seems to have arrived at that particular stage where every one is agreed on the necessity for some modification of the existing system, but where the old conservative spirit is still strong enough to turn every specific proposal for accomplishing it into an almost personal affront to nine-tenths of the very people who profess themselves reformers. There is a general desire throughout Oxford, for instance, for a great extension, if not a revolution, in her system. One can hardly meet a Fellow or a Professor who is content in the old fashion with things as they are; peace and self-satisfaction is gone with the Hebdomadal Board. But the unhappy man who ventures to embody this discontent in some scheme for reform becomes at once the enemy of all. If he proposes a Poor Man's College, it is in the interest of priestcraft; if he suggest the admission of non-collegiate students, it is in the interest of secularism. We are not saying that the tone of would-be reformers has not in many cases justified, at any rate, a very unfavourable reception of their proposals. The expressed desire, for example, to bring legislative action to bear on the question is based on the theory of academical obstinacy; and although Mr. Mill may be permitted to call his opponents "the stupid party," it is not wonderful that even stupidity should resent the precocious contempt of every imitator of Mr. Mill. Outside interference and outside criticism have always been peculiarly unacceptable in common rooms, where all opinion starts from the hypothesis that Oxford is the centre of English intelligence, and that the world simply exists as a sort of unintellectual appendix to the University; and the feeling is easily justified by the utter impracticability and ignorance of local facts which characterize most of the schemes that are proposed. The distinguishing features of the Rector of Lincoln's proposals will, we trust, free them from this merely local opposition. They are in themselves thoroughly local; in their strength and in their weakness they bear the characteristic Oxford stamp. There is the same strange mixture of daring change with a jealous loyalty to the traditions of the place, the same choice of a bold expression of belief in its present educational efficiency, as a basis for proposals which would scatter the educational system to the winds; in a word, the same historical grasp of the past, mingling with an apparently incompatible longing for a different future, which, in another sphere of thought, gave its peculiar impress to the speculations of the early Tractarians. Unfortunately, another of their characteristics accompanies these. There is, we fear, the same difficulty in understanding the present, the same impatience of the practical facts, the illogical compromises and adjustments, the need for immediate rather than perfect action, of the world around them. If we had to establish a new Oxford in a new England, we know of no man more fit for the office of determining its character than the Rector of Lincoln; but what is wanted is something far humbler, and it must be owned far more difficult—the bringing into new and more useful relations of an existing people with an old University.

The actual difficulty of the question is primarily a social rather than an intellectual one. Mr. Pattison has ably sketched the great change in English education by which the grammar-schools first, and then the Universities, became estranged from the general training of the nation. What he has refrained from pointing out is that this estrangement was the fault, not of the nation, but of the Universities. In the sixteenth century, the culture which they professed to give was the only culture which was open to the world; the classical languages formed the whole of human literature. Theology was the main field of intellectual exercise, and the new studies which were peeping above ground received a proportionate recognition in the more modern professorships. As the eighteenth century died into our own, new literatures had arisen in almost every country of the Western world; in two at least literatures not inferior in educational value, and far superior in every deeper quality, to those of Greece or of Rome. Theology was far from being extinct, but it formed only one of the world's interests, and its new controversies were fought on other fields and from different platforms; new departments of human knowledge were absorbing the mental energies of man. All this prodigious revolution of intelligence had passed unheeded in the very places that called themselves the centres of intelligence. Cambridge indeed

* Suggestions on Academical Organization with especial Reference to Oxford. By Mark Pattison, B.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1868.

had allied herself to modern needs by her encouragement of mathematics; but Oxford was simply like Vanbrugh's Blenheim, "a heavy load" upon the educational surface of England. Generally we may say that the Universities had become the pocket-boroughs of the aristocracy, the professional classes, and the clergy. The training they gave was a mere expensive luxury for people who valued it as a social distinction from the commercial and manufacturing classes, to whom it was useless. All the busy life of England went on outside their walls. A University degree in the eighteenth century was simply a declaration that its bearer stood apart from all that was making England great. It is hard perhaps to say what it declares now. But the confession of the Rector of Lincoln is significant enough:—

The enormous development of commerce and manufactures since 1815 has opened a new world to energy. The career opened by commercial enterprise to the middle-class is a far more tempting career to ambition than those opened by the old road of the professions and public life. The thousands who tread this path go without any education properly so called. Yet these classes are in possession of great political power and social consideration, which throws that of the professions into the shade, and almost balances the power of the territorial aristocracy. What is the consequence? It is that these moneyed classes, containing the better half of the nation's wealth and life, lie outside the pale of our educational system. What they have not got they despise. Liberal education confined to one-half, and the least energetic half, of the wealthy classes, is depreciated. The great highway of successful life no longer lies through the Universities.

But even the professional, the classical, and the aristocratic classes are deserting the Universities. The rapid increase of population, of wealth, of the desire for higher culture has left the number of Oxford students practically where it was. "Not to have grown with the growth of wealth and population," Mr. Pattison says tersely, "is to have fallen off." And this proportionate decrease, it must be remembered, is going on in spite of a system of bounties of which the reforms of 1854 were for the most part simply a development. "Already," owns the Rector of Lincoln, "nearly one-third of the whole number of students within our walls is being paid for coming here. We have very much increased the number of our exhibitions in the last ten years, and we have increased students in that proportion." The traditional habit of large classes of the community, the requirement of a degree as a condition of ordination, alone maintain the Universities at their present inadequate standard:—

Of our present 1,700 how many are there whose presence here is unprofitable to themselves and to the community. Deduct the rich who are here for fashion's sake, the candidates for ordination from whom the B.A. is required by the Bishop, and those whom the premiums of the scholarship and fellowship attract, the small remainder will represent the number who are drawn here purely by the desire of education.

We regard these statements as the more valuable because the question of University extension is commonly regarded in one exclusive light—that of the admission of a poorer class within the academic pale. What statistics of this sort prove is, that Oxford is losing her hold on the richer classes also; that their increase and the increase of a desire for culture produce no corresponding growth in her numbers. None of the suggestions which we have seen dealt fairly with a fact which we cannot but regard as the most significant fact of all. If Oxford, which has long ceased to furnish education for the practical world, is ceasing to furnish culture for the intellectual classes, her whole occupation is gone, and no additional bounties will revive her efficiency. Nor will they accomplish the end at which they especially aim, of attracting a poorer class to the University. We quite agree with Mr. Pattison in regarding all the existing plans for Poor Men's Colleges and Exhibitions as simply impracticable. It would be impossible to find a test of poverty without falling back on the abuses of unreformed Oxford, and the financial limitations of the scheme would so restrict the number of those benefited as to make the result unimportant. On the question of cheap education no man has a higher right to speak than the Rector of Lincoln, and even when we fail to understand in what the special economy is to be found of the system of uncollegiate lodging life, we may at any rate accept his statements as those of a practical man acquainted with the details and possibilities of the plan:—

What we can do is to make it possible for those who choose to live here economically. There are in the London hospitals 1,350 medical students. The whole cost of preparation for the profession averages about 150*l.* to each. The cost of a student at Oxford, at the most economical college, is calculated at 120*l.* a year. That is, for his whole residence, a sum of 360*l.* It is clear that the price of education is artificially enhanced. That this enhancement is due mainly to the college and tutorial system no one will deny. Let students be allowed to matriculate, not subject to that system, and there is no reason why an Oxford training should cost more than a medical training. It is true that the article purchased for, say a sum of 200*l.*, will be a different article from that which now costs 600*l.* or 800*l.* For it is truly urged that the collegiate life and domestic discipline are what make Oxford what it is. . . . The existing domestic system would then be continued, but as a social luxury, like the first-class carriage on a railway, for those whose fortune warrants their having the indulgence. But the lecture-rooms, degrees, and examinations of the University should be as open to all comers as a London hospital.

With the same object the Rector of Lincoln advocates the transfer of the present endowments of scholarships and other prizes for educational proficiency to the purposes of gratuitous teaching. And it is remarkable that the sum now devoted to the first object is almost exactly equivalent to the amount now derived from the student as payment for collegiate and private tuition. But we need not dwell here on those educational provisions on which Mr. Pattison is at one with a large body of University reformers, or on the changes in the constitution of the

University which he proposes. Many are temperate enough, but none possess any general interest for the unacademic observer. The real question which all remedial measures seem carefully to evade is simply, Are the Universities to be brought into direct connexion with the general scheme of national education or not? If they are to remain what they are now—in a word, schools—this must and will some day be brought about, as it has been brought about elsewhere. The whole problem of the admission of the poorer classes would find a very simple solution, if endowments and exhibitions served as the golden ladder up which a boy of distinguished talents and zeal for learning could be moved from the primary to the higher school into which our grammar-schools will soon be converted, and from the high school up to the University. Such a change would be simply the destruction of the Universities as they are; but if they are to remain as Universities, their whole system will have to undergo no less revolutionary a change. The peculiar merit of Mr. Pattison's book is the clearness and precision with which it grasps this revolution. Two forces co-operate in the author's mind to produce his conception of a University—the academic tradition of the past, and the desire for a higher culture, a more liberal training, which is so powerful in the present. It is strange to remember how completely the older character of the Universities has been done away, how utterly it has been superseded by the conception of the school. The mediæval course of education, as it passed through all its various stages to the doctorate, required twenty years; and of these only seven were spent in that preliminary general training which still preserves its old designation of "arts." The arts course was in general request; it could support itself, it could pay its own professors. What the University as such existed for, what college endowments were designed to support, was the period of study which began when the arts course closed—the special study of this or that faculty, which lasted for fourteen years more. We can hardly agree with the Rector of Lincoln that it was the ecclesiastical tyranny, above all, of the period immediately succeeding the Reformation, which killed the culture of the University and dwarfed it into a school. The remarks of Sir Thomas More prove that the process was going on even before the Reformation began. The causes, in fact, lay in what is summed up as the Renaissance, in the general diffusion of letters and culture over the world instead of their imprisonment in the traditions of certain academic localities; and they are causes which not only exist, but are intensified now. At any rate the school has won. The arts course, the period of general and merely preliminary training, is all in all. There are no students in the higher faculties—none, we mean, who remain really as students; the graduates, the Fellows who reside, reside simply as teachers in arts, and not specially for study at all. The changes of 1854 told against the small tradition of University study which still lingered about the place; their whole drift was to convert Fellowships—that is, endowments for the pursuit of the higher departments of knowledge, into scholarships—that is, prizes for excellence in its lower and preliminary stages. And yet never, according to Mr. Pattison, were higher studies more needed. He adopts in all their force the lamentations of Mr. Arnold over "this torpor of intellectual life, this dearth of ideas, an indifference to pure culture or disbelief in its necessity, which is spreading through the bulk of our higher classes and influencing the rising generation." We are no believers in Mr. Arnold, nor can we accept Mr. Pattison's view of the present aspects of English society, but it is fair to state that his University proposals rest really on a wider basis than this. A University, in his point of view, should be "a national institute for the preservation and tradition of useful knowledge," an endowed "organization of science." Students of all the higher branches of learning, in themselves often unremunerative, should be massed together and receive an adequate support. Their mutual friction would generate that high spirit of intelligence which, we suppose, is meant by culture. Sciences would be co-ordinated and find their mutual relations; while a general centre of intellectual life would vindicate the higher interests of learning against the coarse materialism of the age.

For the more complete development of the idea which we have so roughly sketched, we must refer to the work of Mr. Pattison itself. If we venture to suggest a few criticisms, it is certainly not from that ignorance which the author attributes to the public at large of "the existence of the higher education as a gradation in mental knowledge." It is simply that we fail to see in what way that higher education will be advanced by the proposed agglomeration of its professors in certain seats of learning. There is, of course, the preliminary question, on which we do not think the Rector has touched, how far is it the direct office of a State to support or encourage the cultivation of this higher learning; and another, which remains equally unanswered, whether their encouragement is not better effected by indirect agencies than by direct endowments. The high remuneration now paid for literature itself is a far greater support than any endowment could give. No doubt here and there such provisions might enable men to devote themselves to great intellectual works, to sustained efforts of thought and research. The instance of De Tocqueville is a typical one of the value of such means in enabling a student to concentrate his whole energies on some great object. But this very instance proves how impossible it would be to induce a man of high powers and aims like these to retire away permanently "from the din of men"; while instances like that of Mr. Mill prove that busy participation in official and administrative life is far from prejudicial to the most philosophic efforts of

the mind. We fear, indeed, that for one De Tocqueville which the system would produce we should have a hundred such persons as Oxford now exhibits in profusion—clever men whom intercourse with a wider world has never enabled to gauge their own cleverness, and who remain simply critical and useless from sheer mental self-sufficiency. But even granting that endowments are useful for the encouragement of the higher learning, this points to a system of pensions, but not in any direct way to their concentration in Oxford. Rhetorical statements, such as that quoted by the Rector of Lincoln from Dr. Dollinger, throw little light on the advantage to be derived by science from the personal intercourse of its professors. Good libraries and cultivated society are now far from confined to one or two favoured spots, and the Post-Office and the Press are the real agents of human and of scientific contact. It is remarkable that physical science, the great avenue nowadays to the conception of law, shows the least tendency to personal agglomeration; and the instance of the British Association, to which the author refers, is a peculiarly unfortunate one at a time when its most eminent members are quietly seceding from its gatherings from a conviction of their inutility. The world, in fact, is now what the University was in the middle ages, and the social intercourse of men has become no longer necessary for their intellectual rivalry, aid, and advance. The subject, however, is well worth consideration, and one side of it is lucidly stated in Mr. Pattison's book. As it stands, the work is an admirable survey of the whole question which it purports to discuss, and which it discusses with a clearness, a moderation, and an intellectual range which it would be difficult to find elsewhere.

TIMBS' LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.*

MR. TIMBS has long been known as a diligent and skilful—we may add an honest—practitioner with scissors and paste. He sometimes rises above that character; but on the whole it fairly expresses his level. Mr. Timbs' honesty is a special and distinguishing feature in his character. The moral aspect of many of his brethren may be summed up in the pithy English description of William Wallace—"Erat quidam latro publicus." And we cannot always add "ex infima gente oriundus," when we remember how one chief spoiler bears the rank of a Duke. Mr. Timbs rises several degrees above the firm of Doran and Manchester. He is never dishonest and seldom facetious. If a good deal of his matter comes from very obvious sources, sources sometimes as obvious as not very ancient numbers of the *Times* and the *Athenaeum*, he at least tells us to what sources he goes. And having by this sort of means got together a huge mass of matter, a great part of which is really curious and amusing, he leaves his curious and amusing matter to do justice to itself. He does not think it any part of his business to perform a hop, skip, and jump, or to go off into a jerk or a spasm, over every person or thing which he mentions. Altogether, while Mr. Timbs is essentially a compiler and very little more, he is an honest and decently behaved compiler. As such, in these times, he fairly deserves whatever praise belongs to the man who carries on an inferior trade in a respectable way. His book may be taken up at any odd moment, and something arousing a stronger or fainter degree of interest will be found in most pages. It is at any rate more edifying reading than a sensation novel. Mr. Timbs is not a lady, so the father in *Punch* may put his book into the hands of his daughters. Only let the damsels bear in mind that, though the book contains a good deal of historical gossip, yet historical gossip is not history.

Mr. Timbs starts however with something which is more like history than anything that follows—namely, a succession of "Lord Mayors and memorable Mayoralties." But we would counsel him to stick to his Mayors, and not to meddle with that more ticklish class of people who went before them, namely the Portreeves. He tells us of a "chief magistrate dignified as the portgerafa, portgrave, or sheriff of the port," and he goes on to assure us that "the word *grave*, in Saxon, signifies earl or count." There is no doubt, as the *Sachsenspiegel* shows, that *grave*, *greve*, and the like forms, do "in Saxon signify earl or count," as *graf* does to this day in High-German. But we do not see what this has to do with an English *portgerafa*, or *portreeve*. Undoubtedly *gerafa*, *grave*, *graf*, are all the same word, but the German *graf* shot so speedily out of all comparison in point of dignity with the English *gerafa* that the connexion between the two officers is one purely of etymology. We are therefore almost as unable to see what the Saxon title has to do with the history of our English Lord Mayors as we are to guess what kind of person is meant by a "sheriff of the port." What does Mr. Timbs think is the meaning of *port* in *portreeve*? As he has to do with London, so renowned for its shipping, he seems to think that the portreeve had something specially to do with the *haven*. Not long ago, in an inland borough in a shire where portreeves still flourish, we found a public functionary who thought that a portreeve had the especial care of the *gate*. But above all, how can there be a Sheriff of the port? Can a man be *scirgerafa* and *portgerafa* at once? We indeed once knew a man who was Mayor of his borough and High Sheriff of his county at the same moment, and who held the borough and county elections within a few days of each other. But this is only what international lawyers call a "personal union," and a union for a few

months only. The dignitary thus doubly trusted, alike by his sovereign and by his fellow-burgers, was not "Sheriff of the port" any the more for that. And though London and several cities and boroughs have Sheriffs of their own, it is just because they are cities or boroughs and something more—namely, independent shires. In fact, this undoubtedly mysterious subject of portreeves is one which seems rather too hard for Mr. Timbs' philology. Still even a Sheriff of the port is comprehensible compared with a Saxon functionary of another kind of which Mr. Timbs speaks elsewhere (ii. 163). "Mr. H. G. Bohn, the publisher, states that he received his early German education in the Lutheran Chapel [at St. James's], in the royal pew, a capacious room in the gallery. The Hanoverian *Gesangbuch* was always there, and his stentorian German chants were astounding." A *Gesangbuch* personified as *he*, and which sends forth stentorian chants, is at least as astounding as the chants themselves could be. Such a one fills us with the same amazement which was felt by the father in the *Spectator* when his son writes home to him from the seat of war about a drum that was saucy and a trumpet that carried messages.

But, notwithstanding this kind of unlucky dabbling with things out of his depth, and notwithstanding a great deal of egregious book-making in every part of the two volumes, Mr. Timbs' book is a pleasant book enough in its way. Turning over its pages here and there, one lights upon plenty of notices and anecdotes of various places and buildings in London, and of things and persons connected with them which are sufficiently amusing. Mr. Timbs is most successful when he leaves the field of history proper, and gets hold of some account of a pageant or an old custom or some story of some remarkable, or sometimes not remarkable, man. The half-independent London of early times, the mighty commonwealth which beat back the Danish invader, and the voice of whose citizens more than once disposed of the Imperial Crown of Britain, does not come within Mr. Timbs' ken, and, when he meddles with general history, in Henry the Eighth's days and even later, he is hardly more lucky than in his discussion on portreeves. But of curious London gossip from the thirteenth century onwards he gives us a good deal. We doubt whether Mr. Timbs can understand a joke; he seems never thoroughly to appreciate anything really funny when he comes across it; but on the other hand he does not think it his duty to force jokes on all occasions, like so many of his brethren. He altogether forsook his usual vein when he composed or borrowed the silly journal setting forth the miseries of living in chambers—seemingly in one of those mysterious minor Inns—which he gives at p. 220 of his first volume. And one would like to have some better authority than Mr. Timbs gives us for the unintelligible story headed, "The Revolution Plot in Bloomsbury." We can make nothing out of such a beginning as this:—

Mr. Dobie claims for Bloomsbury "the honour of being the scene of a plot most momentous to the future welfare of Britain;" "yet," he adds, "it does not seem to be known to any considerable extent, nor properly appreciated." The reader may probably inquire why Mr. Dobie should take such cognizance of the matter; but be it known that Mr. Dobie has written a history of the district wherein this plot was hatched by no less notable a person than Mrs. Eliza Thomas, the *Corinna* of Curll, and who lived with her mother in Dyot Street, now George Street, St. Giles's.

Then we have a story about the Duke of Montague, the Duke of Devonshire, Lords Buckingham and Dorset, "and a certain Viscount, with Sir William Dutton Colt, meeting at the house of Mrs. Thomas." These personages, according to Mr. Dobie, whoever Mr. Dobie may be, and seemingly according to Mr. Timbs also, "effected" the Revolution, the happy result of which was that "the State became more settled." But we are quite unable to identify the persons who, according to the above story, met in Bloomsbury, with the seven who really signed the invitation to the Prince of Orange. We assume that this document, which really was the result of several secret meetings, whether in Bloomsbury or elsewhere, is what Mr. Timbs and his informant had in their heads. But the signatures which it bore were those of the Earls of Shrewsbury, Devonshire, and Danby, Compton, Bishop of London, Lord Lumley, Edward Russell, and Henry Sidney. The Earl of Devonshire is perhaps prematurely raised by Mr. Timbs to the dukedom which he afterwards held, but it is certain that the Earl of Dorset's name does not appear in the story till a later stage; and as for the Duke of Montague, Lord Buckingham, and Sir William Dutton Colt, we can, in the year 1688, make out nothing about any such persons at all. Mr. Timbs would surely not find it hard to get up so well-known a story rather more carefully than this. It appears from other passages that, besides more out-of-the-way books, he has also read Lord Macaulay's History.

Mr. Timbs is great upon Jack Ketch and other executioners of the last half of the seventeenth century, and he has a good deal to say about some of the more notable executions of those days. But he rather unaccountably leaves out the executions of Harrison and the other regicides, though the last acts of Harrison were, one would have thought, just the thing for a book of odds and ends. He has also much to say about executions at the Old Bailey and about pressing to death, on which latter head it is some comfort to find Mr. Timbs more knowing than Mr. Froude was in the law of *peine forte et dure*. But the merit of this amount of knowledge is somewhat counterbalanced by calling a section "Heads and Tales of Temple Bar." When grave and rather heavy people like Mr. Timbs venture on a joke, it is apt, by some law of compensation, to be an unusually bad one.

Sometimes Mr. Timbs tells the same story twice. Thus we get

* London and Westminster: City and Suburb. Strange Events, Characteristics, and Changes, of Metropolitan Life. By John Timbs, F.S.A. Two Volumes. London: Richard Bentley. 1868.

the "Lion Sermon" founded by Sir John Gayer in the account of his mayoralty at i. 25, and again at ii. 149 at greater length. We remember it well years ago in Bewick's *Quadrupeds*, how the lion passed the English merchant without hurting him, and how, among other good deeds, he founded a sermon to be yearly preached in memory of his deliverance. It was a further attraction that the church in which the sermon was to be preached was that of St. Catharine Cree, so memorable in the history of Laud. And we have a dim remembrance that besides twenty shillings (no bad fee in 1646) to be paid to the preacher, a smaller sum was to be paid to the clerk, which Mr. Timbs does not condescend to speak of. But what we do want to know is whether the sermon is still preached, according to Sir John Gayer's foundation, on the 16th of October in every year. The first account seems to imply that it still is so:—"The sermon is preached in the church of St. Catharine Cree." But in the later description, where Mr. Timbs gets fuller and more eloquent, we only read that "a discourse to which this singular title [the Lion Sermon] is given is occasionally preached in the church of St. Catharine Cree." And the last account of the preaching of any such sermon which Mr. Timbs can give us is taken from a newspaper of October 19th, 1805. Are we to infer that the yearly twenty shillings of the bountiful Lord Mayor has been pocketed for three score years and two, without the preaching of a single discourse, like that of 1805, "representing the virtue, charity, piety, and unshaken constancy of Sir John Gayer, as examples every way worthy of imitation"?

The last class of people to whom Mr. Timbs introduces us is the London bird-catchers, a class whom we should gladly see improved off the face of the earth. We do not know whether they still burn out the eyes of their bullfinches, as they did in Hogarth's time; but they subject their unlucky victims to a middle passage as frightful as that undergone by an African slave or by an ox bound from Bremen to London. It is hard to see why, when pheasants and partridges are held so sacred, other birds should be exposed to these wretched thieves. We have heard of a gentleman who regularly paid blackmail for his own nightingales to be allowed to sing in his own woods and not in the cages of some Cockney. Between the stupid people who kill them and the other stupid people who catch them, England bids fair to become as birdless a land as France. Mr. Timbs is able (i. 148) to speak of cock-fighting in Tothill Fields as an extinct practice; we hope he may some day be able to say as much of bird-catching in Spitalfields.

LÉON FAUCHER.*

THESE volumes have been prepared for publication by the widow of the distinguished man whose untimely loss so many friends joined with her in lamenting some thirteen years since. The first contains a brief sketch of his life, followed by a collection of letters, commencing in 1821 (when the writer was only seventeen years old), and reaching down to November, 1854, when Léon Faucher finally closed his agitated, laborious, and honourable course. To the youthful student a perusal of the biographical sketch will convey the most impressive example that an honest, energetic, and elevated character can furnish. From his childhood Léon Faucher had to rely on himself alone for every step made in advance, whether towards instruction, towards independence, or towards fame. It is touching to perceive how much labour and self-denial it cost him to obtain even a decent livelihood—essay-ing, first, the part of tutor in a private family; next, the "professoriat," in which, having no "protector," he failed of success; and at the age of thirty, obtaining employment as a political writer and editor of a leading daily paper—first, of *Le Temps*, and, in 1834, of *Le Courrier Français*. In each of these capacities Léon Faucher manifested the same indomitable perseverance and never-failing self-respect. But his future prospects long remained uncertain, and even clouded with uneasy forebodings. Even so late as the year 1836 we find him avowing to his bosom friend, a Monsieur Beaufort, his extreme difficulty in keeping out of debt; and later, in a letter to Mr. Henry Reeve, he talks of abandoning public life, and devoting his talents to more profitable occupations.

On succeeding to the chief editorship of the *Courrier* (in 1838) his circumstances improved, and he remained at his post until 1843, when the *Courrier* passed into the hands of a new proprietor. Faucher made a visit to England of some length in that year, and not long afterwards published his series of *Études sur l'Angleterre*, a work of considerable merit, and replete with careful and curious expositions of the state of many of our English industrial communities. He married, in 1837, the daughter of M. Wolowski, a Polish gentleman and refugee settled in France, with whom he acquired some fortune. Thus it became a less difficult matter, at this stage of his career, to maintain his social position with independence; the rather as it was not his fate to be blessed (or otherwise) with offspring. Within a year or two of his quitting the *Courrier*, Faucher accepted a position on the direction of the Strasburg Railway, and with it a liberal remuneration. A loss which befell him in 1845, by the failure of an agent in whose hands he had entrusted a good part of his fortune, obliged Faucher to continue on the Strasburg Railway even after he was elected Deputy for Rheims, in 1846.

One can hardly compute the extent of the work undertaken by Faucher at this period, yet a passage extracted from one of his letters to Mrs. Grote will afford some idea of what he had to go through. It is dated 23 février, 1847:—

* Léon Faucher: *Vie et Correspondance*. 2 vols. Paris: 1867.

Je compte les semaines et presque les mois, sans trouver le temps de vous écrire.

La vie politique est bien difficile pour les hommes qui, n'ayant pas de fortune, sont dans la nécessité de songer tout ensemble au pain quotidien et aux affaires publiques. Lorsque j'ai partagé ma journée entre l'étude, la presse, la chambre, et le chemin de Strasbourg, voyez ce qui peut me rester pour mes affections; je ne parle pas du repos, chose inconnue dans le monde démocratique.

Some eighteen months before writing thus he had said to the same correspondent:—

En m'attachant à l'administration d'une entreprise de chemin de fer, je saisis l'occasion de me former à la pratique des grandes affaires, mais je n'entends y consacrer qu'une partie de mon activité; la politique est ma carrière et la science ma passion. Je ne renonce ni à l'une ni à l'autre, &c.

The years 1847-1848 found Léon Faucher personally engaged in the conflict of Parliamentary warfare which led to the destruction of the monarchy. During the terrible days of June (1848), he was, of course, in the thick of the desperate struggle in the streets of Paris, girt with the deputy's scarf, encouraging the people to resist to the death the evil-minded plotters of ruin to the nascent Republic. Like De Tocqueville, Léon Faucher and his fellow deputies ceased not their patriotic efforts till the battle was won—never once returning to their dwellings while it lasted. The spasmodic attempts to rule France made by the Provisional Government in the first weeks of its existence were assisted by the generous co-operation of Faucher, whose superior sagacity and economic science fortunately carried their due weight in the councils of the Hôtel de Ville.

Although the leaning of Faucher's mind was unquestionably anti-republican, he accepted the order of things frankly, and after the election of the President, in December, 1848, felt it his duty to lend his aid in the carrying on of the Government.* Appointed first to the Department of Public Works, he shortly afterwards assumed the important functions of Minister of the Interior, vacated by the resignation of M. Léon de Malleville, on grounds which it did that gentleman honour to recognise as obliging him to retire. The activity and rare talent for administrative organization which Faucher displayed in his new position had the best effects upon the march of affairs throughout France. The prefects and other officials in the various departments became encouraged in the discharge of their duties by the firmness and vigilance of the Minister, and many evidences are on record of the regret felt by these officers when their labours ceased to be directed by his able hand:—

"Dès sept heures du matin," says Madame Faucher, "il donnait des audiences. Accessible à tous, et sans prendre de repos, il se préparait chaque jour aux plus rudes assauts. Les batailles livrées à la tribune, et celles qu'il fallait prévenir dans la rue, devaient aboutir à une crise. . . . L'approbation, les encouragements des bons citoyens ne lui manquaient pas, et quand les mouvements accusateurs, les préparatifs imprudents, et tous les signes précurseurs d'un bouleversement perimèrent de saisir les fils du complot du 29 janvier (1849), il parut presque facile de les briser. La France ne mesura même pas le danger qu'elle venait de courir, tant la répression fut prompte et énergique."

It was indeed his work—the perfecting the machinery of civil government—which at a later stage of the Republic enabled the President to carry out his design of subjugating all France, after silencing the resistance of the capital. But whilst Faucher himself was aware of this connexion of cause and effect, he never repented of having striven to accomplish the object at which he conceived himself bound to aim—namely, the consolidation of the Republic.

The Ministerial career of Faucher came to an end in 1849. The immediate cause of his resignation arose out of an indiscretion committed by the *employés* of the telegraph at the Hôtel de l'Intérieur, which supplied a plausible ground for censuring the Minister himself, and was eagerly taken hold of by the Opposition in the Assembly. The real origin of his fall was, however, the authorizing of the intervention in Rome, of which step Faucher, backed by the powerful influence of his colleague, M. de Falloux, accepted the responsibility. Although recent events have shown the existence of a powerful Catholic sentiment in France, it was not, in 1849, a match for the fervour of republican ardour, especially as manifested by a numerous party in the Assembly. The suppression of the Roman revolt being regarded as a proof of hostility to republican government, it was accordingly visited upon the Minister by a furious hostility on the part of the Montagne. Faucher remained out of office until the spring of 1851, when he reluctantly resumed once more the functions of Ministre de l'Intérieur. Later in this same year he came over with Madame Faucher to view the wondrous spectacle of the first Exhibition in Hyde Park, staying whilst in London with their attached friends Mr. and Mrs. Grote.

The second period of Léon Faucher's Ministerial career terminated in October of 1851. The occasion of this was the dissension in the Cabinet respecting the famous *Loi du 31 Mai* of 1850,

* The origin of Léon Faucher's connexion with Louis Napoleon was as follows. During one of the *séances* of the Chamber, in the autumn of 1848, a deputy who sat behind Faucher leant forward and, with a courteous apology for taking the liberty, addressed to him a few words of cordial admiration in reference to certain published writings of Faucher. The modest author naturally expressed his satisfaction to his unknown neighbour. Some little time elapsed when, on conversing with some friends, one of these said, "Well, Faucher, methinks we shall see you Minister, when Louis Napoleon composes his first Cabinet." "I do not see how that is likely to be," replied Léon; "in fact I do not even know the Prince by sight!" "Oh, come! that is incredible; why, we saw you talking with the Prince the other day, when you sat near one another in the Assembly!" Faucher then learned for the first time who his "neighbour" was.

This law had been carried by 433 votes against 241; and, as Faucher's ill-luck would have it, he had been chosen its *réducteur*. When, in October, 1851, the question of maintaining this change in the electoral system was agitated, Faucher felt it incumbent upon him to stand by his own opinion, and support it in the Assembly. The President, however, took another view; and deeming the repeal of the law likely to win for himself a certain amount of popular favour, he signified his wish to that effect. The result was a break-up of the Cabinet, Faucher resigning rather than acquiesce.

It is needless to offer, at this time of day, any remarks upon the events which, not long subsequent to this date, astounded the French capital. Enough to say that the afflicted statesman, compelled to repudiate all connexion with the new order of things, thenceforth held aloof from public life, and strove to dissipate by study, by travel, and by such consolations as friendship affords to a bruised spirit, the anguish which the enslaved condition of his beloved country caused him. These efforts proved ineffectual, and the "fever of the soul" made perceptible inroads on an already enfeebled nervous system. If ever "great heart" was devoured by chagrin, and that not of a private but a patriotic character, it was the heart of Léon Faucher. After various attempts to counteract the effects of prolonged inflammatory action, he sank under its effects at Marseilles, in December, 1854; to the last soothed by the cares and tender sympathy of his sorrowing partner. His physicians having advised him to repair to a warmer region, he was on his way to Hyères, when the fatal hour arrived which cut short the life of one of the most virtuous of citizens.

The letters of Léon Faucher (whereof a large portion are addressed to English friends) are fraught with interest, forming a faithful and picturesque "roadbook," as one may call it, of the course of French political affairs. History has no better handmaid than such correspondence, and the inquirer of this day may gather from the pages before us a tolerably complete, and in the main a fairly correct, notion of the working of political forces and social agencies in France during the twenty-five years ending with 1853. Between the years 1816 and 1830, no more instructive work can be named than M. Duvergier de Hauranne's *Histoire du Gouvernement Parlementaire en France*, of which the seventh volume is enriched by certain revelations made to him of late through the medium of private papers, throwing light upon the events treated of. In particular, the narrative of the circumstances relating to the invasion of Spain, in 1823, under the Duc d'Angoulême, abounds with new and valuable documents. Among these not a few will be found reflecting honour on that prince's character. His sense of the humiliating part which he was playing in Spain appears in the plainest language in letters written thence by himself, and never before published. Indeed, while the history of Europe between 1816 and 1840 will be indebted to this work and to the despatches of the Duke of Wellington for invaluable materials wherewith to compose it, numerous passages scattered through the correspondence of Léon Faucher serve to fill up, with their animated sketches of the successive "situations," the *ensemble* of the drama. But the chief charm of Faucher's letters must be sought in his familiar "outpourings" to his intimate friends. Many, written in the meridian of his life, bear the impress of enthusiasm, taste, passion, vivacity of imagination—of all, in short, which renders a man's personal character at once attaching and estimable; nor is the touch of elegant gallantry, inseparable from the true Frenchman, wanting either.

The second volume is filled with documents of a political and public character, among which some reports of debates in the Chamber of Deputies during the reign of Louis-Philippe, and afterwards in the Assembly under the Republic, will be found not the least instructive and interesting. The vast amount of knowledge possessed by Faucher, together with its variety, qualified him to take a part in discussions upon almost every subject; and it must be confessed, after reading these reports, that his power of enforcing his views, as well as that of debating, properly so called, was of no mean order. As a writer for the public eye, Léon Faucher may be included among the most accomplished masters of the language. In the art of stating an opinion or an argument, few more lucid or comprehensive styles than his can be named. As an example, we would invite the reader's attention to Faucher's letter to M. David (his leading supporter at Rheims) in 1847, justifying his continuing to hold the position he then occupied on the Strasburg Railway, whilst at the same time he sat in the Assembly as Deputy for the department of La Marne. And for a political address, or "manifesto," we would cite, as a specimen of a neat and clear-sighted declaration of political faith, that which Faucher issued on renewing his candidature for Rheims, after the Revolution of February, 1848. But the second volume presents examples without number of admirably composed papers on a variety of subjects, many of which afford opportunities of mingling, along with dry details and figures, lessons of lofty statesmanship and patriotic virtue. His employment of the *fonds secret*, in particular, furnished matter for a report wherein such indirect edification could readily find entrance. Even the loudest talkers against the Minister were positively compelled to admit the purity of Faucher's administration of this fund, and one of them was heard to exclaim, after the publication of his accounts, "Ma foi! ce coquin-là est bien honnête!"

LE REPENTIR DE MARION.*

FOR fresh, dainty, sparkling romance, in which every word falls into its proper place, like the bright bits in a tessellated pattern, M. Arsène Houssaye is surpassed by few imaginative writers. The headings of his chapters are epigrams; there is a luminous concinnity in every page. Not a jot of rubble is to be descried in his delicate patchwork, not a blemish mars its gem-like effect. His phrases glow like the variegated atoms in a piece of exquisite mosaic. And his scenes are suffused with an atmosphere of fairy-like gaiety and perpetual youth, of radiant skies and roses and singing birds and the purple light of love. One seems, as one reads him, to be looking at something visibly pretty. But when his panegyrists claim for him the quality of a sympathetic writer, we are unable to follow them. A sympathetic writer must depict characters with whom one can sympathize. They must be people with like passions and sentiments as our own. The conditions of his microcosm must at least resemble, if they do not accord with, those of the great circle in which we live and move and have our being. Thus much one demands in a sympathetic writer, without sticking for a servile realism. And this element of human interest the author of the preface to this little volume claims for the writings of M. Arsène Houssaye. "An exactitude which admits of a poetic interpretation, a sincerity of details which agrees with a sincerity of emotions, a legitimate projection of the soul and conscience of the writer into the life of the personages whom he brings on the stage"—these are, in his view, the characteristics which meet in M. Houssaye, and distinguish what he calls his "picturesque criticism." We cannot bring ourselves to regard him in the same light. He is piquant, charming; his workmanship is exquisite; he is the prince of *feuilletonistes*, and to be read in the happy roseate after-dinner frame of mind which befits the *feuilleton*, and to which it is and ought to be attuned. But his touch is too light and feathery to stir the emotions seriously. If he has projected any conscience into his work it has been in a way so skilfully unobtrusive as not to impair its prettiness and symmetry. His moral atmosphere is of the most gauzy and aerial kind. We can no more sympathize with the joys and sorrows of his blithe nymphs and forsaken damsels than we can with those of mimic shepherdesses in Dresden or Sévres. For them the great dingy workaday world is a nullity; there is no right and wrong, only a pink and a blue. Like the peasantry of a Watteau group, they frisk the laughing hours away with stereotyped smile and motionless ribands, and then pass into the limbo of cracked porcelain, commemorated by no graver epitaph than an expression of pity that such pretty little figures should be so fragile.

Le Repentir de Marion is one of the daintiest specimens of M. A. Houssaye's literary enamelling. Of all the studies of the eighteenth century in which a page of history is blended with a page of romance, none is more delicately executed. In scene the first we have a glimpse of the heroine—not the more notorious Marion de l'Orme, but Marion de la Ferté—in her days of virtuous poverty, an applicant for charitable relief from M. de Beaujon, the princely millionaire and patron of art in the times of Louis Quinze. The benevolent financier, "who had his poor, and amused himself with making them rich," discovers the interesting Marion in a wretched garret, without air or sun or bread or fire, earning by her needle a miserable pittance of ten sous a day, out of which she managed to support an aged mother and an adopted child. A year later, on his return from Italy, he finds her the star of the Opéra Comique, in the *salon* of Sophie Arnould. Marion explains her metamorphosis with the utmost frankness. Her mother was dead; the child had been put to school. "Je ne pouvais pas toujours pleurer ma mère. J'ai pris un amant, ou plutôt je me suis laissée prendre par ce beau mousquetaire." M. de Beaujon is much moved. He had studied women like a real philosopher; he knew them by their follies, their caprices, and their contradictions. But here was a case which altogether baffled him. Could it be that this fair creature, who had watched over a cradle like an angel of virtue, pale and sad from distress, this young girl whom hunger could not bend to temptation, this gentle and timid Marion whom her very beauty could not draw into evil, should one fine morning fling behind her her chaste and pious past, and follow the first mousquetaire who came to make love to her? His philosophic regrets that what seemed the purest marble should prove to be only clay are mingled with a more selfish one. "Si j'avais su cela, j'aurais pu être le mousquetaire." Like a true Frenchman, he consoles himself with an epigram. "La femme c'est toujours la femme, le bien et le mal pétri sous la main de Dieu." Marion had a good many more surprises in store for the benevolent millionaire. Her mousquetaire proves false, and she leaves him to plunge into a vortex of dissipation. "Cependant l'amour revint." For the second time she falls in love. But the Marquis de Rouville, a fine gentleman of the Court, is even less constant than Captain de la Garde, and when he coolly proposes to turn her over to a friend, the illusion of love is finally dispelled. Once more M. de Beaujon intervenes. In the hope of winning her love for himself he takes her away to his palaces, and surrounds her with all the wealth and luxury at his command. But Marion has no love to give him in return, and, being too honest to pretend any, prefers to escape to her old lodging and gain her bread once more by her needle. During her absence the room had been occupied by an Italian

* *Le Repentir de Marion*. Par Arsène Houssaye. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères, 1865.

priest, who had chalked some sentences from the *Imitation of Christ* on the walls. Marion reads them and falls on her knees. But her penitent life is a hard one. Once more she begins to feel the pressure of want. M. de Beaujon finds her at last, dying in one of the wards of the hospital which, in his princely fashion, he had built at Paris, and from which, in spite of his earnest entreaties, she refused to be moved. Her last confession is characteristic. "C'est l'amour seul qui m'a perdue. Dans les plus folles heures de ma vie, chaque fois que je suis tombée dans l'abîme c'est mon cœur qui m'a entraînée. Je n'ai trompé personne. Vous comprenez pourquoi je me suis enfuie quand j'ai vu que vous m'aimiez." This avowal of her inability to return his love is rather mortifying to M. de Beaujon; but his opinion of the sex is improved. He corrects the estimate of womankind which he had formed on learning Marion's lapse into vice by another founded on her equally surprising euthanasia, and pronounces woman a "beautiful invention." "On dit que c'est l'œuvre du démon, mais c'est Dieu qui l'a commencée et c'est Dieu qui l'a finie."

There is an aroma of very sweet sentiment about M. Houssaye's Watteau Magdalen. She is equally pretty in her behaviour, sinning or repenting. We should be puzzled to say in which phase she appears to most advantage. In every attitude there is an Arcadian grace. In her innocence, her depravity, and her penitence she is alike charming. To be sure she resembles real flesh and blood about as much as a wax-doll or marionette does. A simple story, we are told by the editor, ought not to be encumbered by severe touches of history. "A page all of the heart," in which the heroine dies of love, "ought not to be loaded with marginal annotations." We can gladly dispense with any amount of historical details. But a creation which purports to be a serious one, and to be founded on fact, ought to conform to the acknowledged laws of ethics. The psychology should at least be intelligible. A heroine who is by the hypothesis a human being should behave as a human being. A novelist who professes to describe people who have really existed ought to hold his imagination in check. M. Houssaye's "picturesque criticism" resolves itself into a fancy portraiture upon an historical background. His Marion is a mere dissolving view in which the angel fades into the sinner and the sinner again into the saint. A woman who is all things by turn and nothing long is a Chinese puzzle, and nothing more. Moral harlequinade of this kind is ingenious, but it is not human nature. It may satisfy the cravings of French sentiment, but it is at the expense of truth. The fact is that M. Houssaye, like a great many other French novelists, views the tender passion as a sort of mine of paradox. He cannot bring himself to treat it as a common ordinary jog-trot affair in human life. It must be made to yield a series of startling and unforeseen surprises. "Rien n'est motivé dans l'amour." Love has its own esoteric laws, and the favourite channel through which they are expounded by the oracles of fiction is bouncing paradox. In this light the character of Marion is to be regarded. To the uninitiated intelligence it presents a strange incomprehensible jumble. Virtuous on principle, and vicious from caprice, she triumphs over glaring temptations to succumb to invisible ones. Ennui has a more malign influence over her than grinding misery, and a more beneficial influence than maiden modesty. Her amours are of a sensual and debased kind, and yet the purity of her nature remains untainted. No doubt her conversion is very prettily managed. But that the sight of a few extracts from Thomas à Kempis should undo the evil habits of years strikes us as an incident more picturesque than probable. In short, M. de Beaujon's description of her is exceedingly true and apposite—a piece of patchwork diabolical in the middle, and angelic at each end. But this is not exactly the pattern upon which the woman of real life is modelled.

If the theory which M. Houssaye invents to account for Marion's determination to reject the protection of a rich millionaire is eccentric and paradoxical, at least he throws what light a cluster of epigrams may afford on the successive phases in her strange career. Here is a subtle distinction between first love and second. The first time, with Marion, it was the prescience of love, the second time it was the science. "Les amours se suivent, et ne se ressemblent pas." A woman loves the second lover, because he does not resemble the first, or rather, she still seeks the first lover in the second. The characters of Captain de la Garde and the Marquis de Rouville are so different that Marion must have been puzzled to identify any of the lineaments of the one in the other. Upon the whole, the love which they respectively inspire in her bosom is about equal. There is more poetry in the first, and more elegance and refinement in the last. Marion reckons love by the amount of suffering which it has inflicted on her. To M. de Beaujon's inquiry whether she has only loved twice, she replies, "J'en ai pas bien compté, mais j'en ai souffert que deux fois." Of the interval of her life devoted to love "à vol d'oiseau," she makes no account whatever. "Ces amants-là avaient passé dans le cœur comme les tourbillons de la valse devant un miroir de Venise." She nourishes no resentment for the successive inconstancies of which she is the victim. Her lovers leave her, "pour aller du connu à l'inconnu," which she regards as a sort of justification. "A woman who loves," she observes to her elderly catechist, "shows her cards too much in playing the game of love." If it were not that some of M. Houssaye's epigrams are amusing, we should be inclined to add that a woman who analyses her sensations towards her different lovers in this calm scientific fashion shows too much "le dessous des cartes." It is a trait rather of

the practised coquette than of the child of nature, who loves as spontaneously as the flowers blossom or the birds sing.

It is curious to notice the recurrence of certain favourite types in French fiction. They crop up in dramas and novels, in the works of authors realistic and romantic. And no one amongst them seems to possess so strong a fascination, or to evoke such a gust of characteristic sentiment, as that of the moribund courtesan. In some form or other the frail *agonisante* is pretty sure to make her appearance. The sorrows of virtue lie outside the pale of sympathy. Interest and pathos culminate in the combination of *demi-monde* and consumption. And no doubt to the happy post-prandial mind, for whose delectation M. Houssaye, in his capacity of *feuilletoniste*, had to cater, there is something melancholy but piquant in a beautiful sinner dying of decline. In spite, however, of the superior delicacy of his workmanship there is an unmistakable family likeness between his heroine and other heroines with whom we are only too familiar. His Marion is a mere modification of the moribund Aspasias of more sensational writers. On the whole we prefer moribund Aspasias to Watteau Magdalens. The one type may provoke a certain amount of sickly morbid sympathy; but the other sheds a rose-coloured halo over a sad reality of social life, and casts an air of absurdity over the restorative influence of religion. A sin which is sinned with a pretty infantine grace, and a penitence which is worn as coquettishly as a new robe or bonnet, are even less edifying than the death-throes of the phthysical and lachrymose Lady of the Camellias.

SCIENTIFIC GUIDE TO SWITZERLAND.*

THIS is a book of which we may say, in commendation, that it is thoroughly well-intentioned. Whether the good intentions are as well carried out is a point upon which we shall have more to say directly. There are, however, a great many people who would welcome a book which should fairly fulfil the purpose held out by the title. Of the crowds who annually visit the Alps there are numbers who would like to give a certain scientific flavour to their amusements. Men who are really profound geologists, or thoroughly skilled in any of the numerous branches of natural science which are illustrated on a large scale in the mountains, are above the reach of Mr. Morell's Guide. There is, again, a much more numerous class which may be said to be altogether below it. There are plenty of travellers who are quite content to look at a glacier, without troubling themselves to know anything about its constitution or history. To them it represents nothing but a very big block of ice—an object which contrasts effectively with the pine-trees and grass slopes, or a fine field for a special variety of gymnastics, or simply a pleasant place upon which to lounge for an hour or two, without asking whence it came or whither it is going. Both of these classes could very well justify their occupation, if a pleasant occupation requires any justification beyond the bare fact of its pleasantness. To say anything in defence of the profound scientific inquirers would be obviously needless. We all know that a man is perfectly justified in risking life and limb to determine precisely how cold it is on the top of Mont Blanc, or to discover a new species of glacier flea. Anything, as we are quite aware, is excusable when it is done in the name of science, as in former days anything was excusable which was avowedly done in defence of religion. The scientific zealots are apt to sneer at the humbler brethren who are content to scramble into dangerous places merely for the sake of the scramble. But a liberal-minded man will make allowance for this class too. There is room enough in the world for the devotees of a harmless and healthy amusement, as well as for the more highflying players in the great game of science. To improve one's digestion, and have a few weeks' relaxation in pure air with plenty of exercise, is not exactly a worthy employment of a man's highest energies; but it may be considered as a very respectable occupation for his holidays. We would, therefore, on no account sneer at the great body of pure pleasure-seekers who spend weeks in Switzerland without knowing whether it is an independent republic or a department of France, and who climb innumerable peaks, and have no guess whether they are composed of gneiss or nummulitic limestone. By all means let every man enjoy himself after his own fashion, only taking care that he does not break his neck oftener than is compatible with a due respect for the value of human life.

We may, however, suggest without offence that a certain sprinkling of scientific knowledge adds much pleasure to vacation hours spent in Switzerland. Without being a Tyndall or an Agassiz, a man may materially heighten his enjoyment by getting up a certain quantity of scientific information. There is indeed very little result, in the amateur pursuit of such knowledge, to any one but the pursuer himself. There was a rage some time ago for carrying up barometers and thermometers to the tops of Swiss peaks, and the gentlemen who burdened themselves with those instruments felt a certain glow of pride in the devotion which they were displaying. Perhaps the chief practical result was that a great many erroneous measurements were obtained of mountains whose heights had been already satisfactorily determined, and that a great many thermometers were fixed in crannies of desolate and exposed heights where they have never since been heard of. But the gratification to the zealots themselves was enormous. It gave them something to think about in the

* *Scientific Guide to Switzerland.* By J. R. Morell. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1867.

dull hours which every mountaineer has occasionally to spend in his rambles into out-of-the-way spots. A barometer is a very pretty toy, and requires so much care and coaxing before it is placed in working order on the summit of some previously unvisited peak, that its bearer comes to regard it with a certain personal affection, and feels that in recording its readings he is doing a distinctly virtuous action. And it may be said that, besides the glow of conscious virtue which is thus generated in many human breasts, the plan tends to encourage habits of careful observation, which materially heighten the enjoyment of the Alps. No one has exactly determined what is the secret of the power exercised by high mountain scenery. But whatever may be the source of the satisfaction which most persons derive from looking at a huge mass of rock and snow, there can be no doubt that it is intensified by anything which causes us to look with more interest into the details. At first sight, it may not be obvious why a man should like the mountains better because he can give a few dozen hard names to the materials of which they are composed; perhaps the scientific point of view might seem to be in some sense antagonistic to the picturesque. One fancies that the geologist would regard the mountains as an anatomist is apt to regard the human frame, and miss the external beauty in the search for abstract theories. The fact, however, seems to be different, and one explanation is simple. One great difficulty in properly admiring the mountains is the same which most people feel in admiring *Paradise Lost*. It is all very beautiful, but after a certain number of verses or miles one's imagination begins to flag. It is a great advantage to have some subsidiary means of employing one's faculties, and saving them from the weariness which results from an indefinite repetition of superlative epithets. The mind is kept on the alert whilst we are tracing some geological peculiarity, and the influence of the scenery is imperceptibly absorbed without the danger of fatigue. As school children are said to learn faster on the half-time system, because there is not too great a strain upon their attention, the traveller takes in the scenery better when he has something to direct his thoughts occasionally into other channels. Perhaps the apology would be scarcely necessary to excuse a good book of popular scientific information about the Alps, and there are plenty of examples of the way in which the task might be performed. Tschudi's books upon their natural history, and Professor Tyndall's accounts of his scientific investigations, will occur to every one. Unfortunately there are few people who have the art of compressing such matter into a reasonable compass without straining out a good deal of interest in the process. Mr. Morell, in spite of some not very happy attempts at facetiousness, is rather dry for a first instructor, and rather superficial for any one who has advanced beyond the earliest steps. For example, the first half of the book is devoted to the orography and hydrography of the Alps. There are of course some interesting remarks scattered up and down his pages, but the general effect is anything but lively reading. For example, if we open the book pretty much at random we come across such passages as this:—"The normal direction of the main chain of this group is north-west; from the Jäglishorn to the Sulzfluh it turns direct north, but after the latter it resumes the west-north-west direction, and ultimately sinks into the Rhine Valley, by the principality of Lichtenstein," and so on indefinitely. It is difficult to imagine that any human being—except a reviewer, who is bound to be unnaturally robust in his literary appetite—an plod through a hundred pages of such tough material. And, indeed, why should anybody read it? A few glances at a map—and a map is always an amusing thing to look at—will convey all the information in a quarter of the time. To remember such writing would be far more difficult than to perform such feats of memory as learning a page of advertisements by heart. It is, in fact, an attempt to put a map into print. The difficulty of the feat may be realized by any one who will try to describe in words, say, the geography of London, instead of showing us a simple diagram. We have all been occasionally bothered by the difficulty of squeezing information out of some thick-headed rustic who tells us to go to our destination by going along the highroad so far, then turning down by Squire Jones's, and then crossing a stile into a field and bearing to the right, and so on. It is the clumsy substitute which the vulgar are obliged to employ from want of familiarity with the art of map-making; and in reality this is what Mr. Morell very unnecessarily sets himself to do. Moreover, his limits, and a want of graphic power, make him often unintelligible, and there are some palpable blunders.

Thus, if we take the district which is perhaps the most interesting and the most familiar to the mountaineering fraternity of the whole Alps, we find the following statements about the neighbourhood of the Monte Rosa. Mr. Morell, in describing the chain from the Matterhorn to the Monte Rosa, says that the "peaks of the main crest" are the little Matterhorn and the Lyskamm. He then states that a series of short elevated crests, including the Breithorn and the Twins, "irradiate" (a favourite word of Mr. Morell's) from this main chain. Instead of radiating from it, we need hardly say that they are as much a part of it as the Lyskamm itself. Instead of quoting the Federal survey, he gives us the estimates of Welden and Schlagintweit for the height of the Monte Rosa; and we may add that, without any explanation, he gives the heights generally in Paris feet, instead of the usual scientific measurement in metres, or the familiar one in English feet. He informs us that the Cima de Jazzi—the most frequented of all the higher summits—exceeds the Finster-

aarhorn in height, whereas it really falls short of it by 1,500 feet. He puts the Weisathor, the commonest of all high passes, on the wrong side of the Cima de Jazzi, and he gives wrong heights for the Breithorn, the Twins, and the Lyskamm. The descriptions, moreover, although intelligible with the help of a map, are difficult to follow, from the need of a compression which we venture to think might better have been carried to the length of suppression. A few remarks upon some of the general features, and the directions of the principal valleys and chains, would have suggested useful reflections to the ordinary tourist. As it is, the result is about as interesting as an attempt to express an algebraical formula in words instead of symbols.

Having passed the orography and hydrography, the latter of which is an improvement on the former, we have chapters on the geology, flora, fauna, and fish and insects of the Alps; and a second part is devoted to the glacier theory, the meteorology, and the glacial period and lake-dwellings. These chapters contain the sort of information which is to be found in the introduction to Mr. Ball's Guide and in other well-known books. They are evidently the results of a cramming process, but they touch upon the topics which are most interesting to the ordinary traveller. If skilfully performed, we can imagine that readers who had survived the orographical descriptions would feel, even at second-hand, some of the charm which invests many of the original sources of information. To test the merits of the performance, we will take one or two of the commonplaces of Alpine description. Everybody likes to read about St. Bernard dogs and chamois and marmots, and other living inhabitants of the Alps. Under each of these heads we have a few remarks, of which we may say that they are tolerably well done. Mr. Morell, however, appears to be in a rather vague state of mind as to some of the traditional legends which have supplied Alpine travellers of all ages. Thus he tells us that the chamois-hunters do not rub their feet with their own blood to prevent slipping in dangerous places, but that they do rub them with turpentine. Of the two legends we prefer the first, which we have ground to believe has sometimes occurred, and for the simple reason that no chamois-hunter ever carries turpentine about with him, whereas he always has a supply of blood. Another ancient fiction appears in a curious shape. Mr. Morell tells us that the chamois often "break their fall, by using their horns as a drag to ease them down the rocks." Any one who has ever looked at a chamois must surely see that this is impossible, unless the chamois thinks it worth while to ease his fall at the expense of dislocating his neck—an hypothesis which we repudiate in favour of the animal's well-known intelligence. Mr. Morell naturally believes in the virtues of St. Bernard dogs, and gives us the regulation reflection about the baseness of man as compared with canine excellence. "Ingratitude," he forcibly says, "is an abyss of baseness, and yet so frequent that it would make us proud to deserve the Mussulman's reproach, and merit the epithet of Christian dogs." We are rather surprised, however, to find him speak of the glacier flea as if that innocent animal were really identical with the enemy of the human race. As Mr. Morell indulges in some of the conventional fun about fleas, he may be merely joking; but he certainly speaks as though Mr. Ormsby, to whose experience he refers, had suffered from the attacks of glacier flea—an animal which is as capable of biting as a sea-anemone.

When Mr. Morell gets into more purely scientific questions, he is still more unsatisfactory. Let us take his exposition of the phenomena of glacier movement. He allows so little space to the subject that he does not even mention the word regelation, and appears to be unaware that Professor Tyndall made advances upon the results obtained by Agassiz. He tells us, what is approximately true, that a glacier moves quickest at its centre; and, what is absolutely erroneous when stated as a general law, that it moves quicker at the middle than at the end. He goes out of his way, in another place, to inform us that the falls of the ice-avalanches generally take place at night, which is the very contrary of the truth. In fact, he really gives the impression of having a most superficial and hearsay acquaintance with the ice regions which he has undertaken to describe; and the result is that his scientific description is uninteresting as well as meagre. Short as is his account of the glaciers, it is more likely to repel the novice in Alpine wonders than to attract him. If a man of competent knowledge and literary power were to do well what Mr. Morell has done ill, he would give us a very interesting book; but this part of the *Scientific Guide*, as executed, reminds us of nothing so much as the dismal reproduction of cram which is to be found in the examination papers of youths who have spent a few months in getting up some very extensive subject. In short, much of the book is so dull, and much of it so incomplete and inaccurate, that we cannot but regard it as, on the whole, a failure, in spite of good intentions and some tolerably good passages.

LORD WALPOLE AT THE FRENCH COURT.*

THE name of Walpole naturally suggests, to English readers, either Sir Robert, the famous Minister, or his nephew, Horace Walpole, the namesake of the subject of the present memoir, whose correspondence with Madame Defland we lately noticed. It is not, however, to either of these that the volume before us refers. Horace, afterwards Lord Walpole, was the younger brother of Sir Robert, born December 8, 1678, and in-

* Lord Walpole à la Cour de France, 1723-1730. D'après ses Mémoires et sa Correspondance. Par le Comte de Bailion. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1867.

herited both the talents and the Whig politics of his family. He accompanied General Stanhope to Barcelona, in the capacity of Secretary, immediately after leaving Cambridge; and at a later period, in 1709, was in attendance on his future brother-in-law, Lord Townshend, at the Congress of Gertruydenberg, where his diplomatic abilities made him very serviceable. In 1713 he became a member of Parliament, and showed himself, on the accession of George I. in the following year, a zealous supporter of the House of Brunswick. It was ten years later that he was appointed Ambassador at Paris, where he remained till 1730, and to this episode of his life, which in a political sense is the most important part of it, the Count of Baillon has devoted the present monograph. Walpole passed from the French Embassy to that of Holland, returning to England in 1742, when his brother went out of office. In 1756 George II. raised him to the peerage, but his political career was already closed, and in the following year he died, leaving behind him many unpublished writings, besides a voluminous correspondence. To these, as well as to his published *Apology*, the present author has had access, and a great part of the book is taken up with extracts from Lord Walpole's despatches. The personal interest of the narrative centres in his relations with Cardinal Fleury—uncle of the famous Church historian—who succeeded to power in France on the death of the Duke of Orleans. Louis XV., though he was declared of age, was a mere boy at the period of Lord Walpole's mission. It is amusing to find the Cardinal, who soon became an intimate friend of the English Ambassador, describing him as "diablement éloquent avec son mauvais français"; indeed, it seems that Walpole to the last never got over the provincialism of his Norfolk accent. It is, as our author truly observes, "this figure (of Fleury), so full of *finesse* and of grace, of imperturbable mildness and ambition," that stands out most prominently in the picture of the French Court here presented to us. It is also true that Fleury and Walpole, who were well agreed in their line of policy, succeeded in maintaining the peace of Europe under very critical circumstances, but it is going rather far to say that "it was now for the first time admitted that the affairs of Europe could be discussed otherwise than by arms." The theory of the balance of power does not date from Fleury, but from Richelieu, so far as it is to be traced to any single French statesman; but it had in fact been acted upon, often instinctively rather than consciously, from the time of the Reformation downwards, though its consistent application was delayed by a century of religious warfare.

In 1723 died the Cardinal Dubois, Prime Minister of France, who had been regarded with suspicion by the Government of George I.; and the opportunity was seized for sending Horace Walpole to Paris, not, however, at first with the title of Ambassador, which Sir Luke Schaub already held at the Court of Versailles. His ostensible mission was to admit the King of Portugal into the Quadruple Alliance, and he was to visit Paris on his way to Hanover, as a private individual, but with the hope that he would so manage matters as eventually to facilitate the recall of Schaub. In other words, he had the confidence of the King, and the reality without the semblance of official countenance, but all formal business had, of course, to be transacted through the regular channels. Walpole's task was therefore a delicate and difficult one, and he showed great tact in his manner of discharging it. He at once made friends with the Count of Nocé, a favourite of the Duke of Orleans, who had been recalled to the Court on the death of Dubois, and established very friendly relations with the Duke himself, who had the whole power of government in his hands, and whom he found well disposed towards England. He announces in his first despatch, addressed to Lord Townshend, that the Bishop of Fréjus (Fleury), the King's tutor, passes for a considerable personage, but that he has reason to believe him the creature and spy of the Regent (Orleans), whose popularity was daily increasing. The Count of Nocé, whose friendship Walpole found so serviceable to him, is described by the Duchess of Orleans as *le méchant et impatient Nocé*, whom she "hated as the devil." She adds that "there is nothing whatever good about him, and he is always talking against God and man." But she seems always to have taken a dislike to her son's friends. The death of the Duke of Orleans in the following December brought new actors on the stage. Walpole's estimate of the gravity of the crisis may be gathered from his own words in a despatch written just afterwards:—

Ce coup aussi désastreux qu'imprévu paraît avoir très-sensiblement affecté les personnes de la plus haute qualité et les plus intelligentes du royaume; elles pensent que, dans les circonstances présentes, la perte de Son Altesse Royale, si haut placée par sa naissance et ses talents supérieurs pour le gouvernement, ne peut manquer de laisser un vide qui ne sera pas comblé: elle avait su, par sa capacité et son travail incessant, vaincre des difficultés presque insurmontables et ouvrir à la nation la perspective d'une longue paix, que les meilleurs esprits regardent ici comme indispensable à la France.

The nominal successor of the Duke of Orleans was the Duke of Bourbon, but he was very far from being the late Minister's equal in ability, and had a dangerous rival in his son, the Duke of Chartres, who bitterly resented being superseded by him. From this time, accordingly, the influence of Fleury was rapidly on the increase. It is curious to read Walpole's first impression of him, as "a man of such extreme bigotry that even the French find him too great a Papist." Not long after, however, a warm affection sprang up between the two men, and Walpole speaks in a very different tone both of the moral and intellectual characteristics

of the Cardinal, in the sincerity of whose friendly professions towards England, as well as towards himself, he had the fullest belief. But his position at the French Court, exposed to the jealousy and counterplotting of Sir Luke Schaub, was becoming absolutely intolerable; and in March, 1724, Schaub was recalled—his patron Lord Carteret having been transferred from the Foreign Secretaryship to the Lord Lieutenantcy of Ireland—and Walpole was named English Ambassador at Paris. The subject of the young King's marriage, who was in delicate health, was assuming great importance, and the Duke of Bourbon was anxious to marry him to the Princess Anne, granddaughter of George I. But to this objections were raised, on the score of religion, on both sides. George I. considered the religious difference conclusive against it, and Fleury expressed to Walpole his entire concurrence in this view. Even were the Princess to conform outwardly to Catholicism—and this he held to be indispensable for the Queen of France—he feared she would remain a Protestant at heart. And this would encourage the Jansenists to unite themselves with the French Protestants, besides the danger of its seriously complicating the relations of the two countries, should the Queen or her children ever become the rightful claimants of the English throne. The question was eventually settled to the satisfaction of all parties, except Louis himself, who was profoundly indifferent, by his marriage to the daughter of Stanislas Leczinski, titular King of Poland. The royal bridegroom was sixteen years old, and his bride twenty-two.

But the marriage of Louis was only part of a wider question. It was essential for preserving the balance of power that the crowns of France and Spain should not be united. One danger was stayed off by the rejection of the Infanta's hand for the young monarch. But it was also requisite that Philip of Spain should resign his reversionary claims on the French throne. The Treaty of Vienna, concluded in May, 1725, recognised as a fundamental principle the separation of the two monarchies. But it contained secret articles which menaced the possessions both of England and France, and the Hanoverian line. In September of the same year an alliance, offensive and defensive, was signed between England, France, and Prussia, to which Holland, Denmark, and Sweden afterwards became parties. To the acceptance of this treaty by France Walpole materially contributed, and he explained and defended it at length in the English Parliament. In the next year Fleury was made Prime Minister and Cardinal, and proceeded at once to reorganize the Cabinet. The following picture of three of its most conspicuous members, from Walpole's pen, is interesting. The Count of Baillon cautions us against accepting as strictly accurate the character of Villars, against whom he thinks Walpole was prejudiced from finding him less obsequious than some of his colleagues:—

Le duc d'Orléans, dit-il, est un modèle accompli de vertu et de moralité, mais il n'est pas né pour les affaires; son intelligence, lente et peu développée par une éducation étroite, l'a empêché de faire, en politique, les progrès qu'on aurait pu attendre de son âge et de son expérience. Il ne peut donc être d'une grande utilité au conseil, et même, si sa loyauté n'était au-dessus de tout soupçon, il pourrait y sembler dangereux, puisque, par les confidences qu'il fait sans doute fort innocemment à sa femme, il permet à la famille de Lorraine de tenir l'Empereur au courant de tout ce qui s'y passe. Cette faiblesse et sa qualité de prince du sang ont failli, d'après les principes de Louis XIV., le faire exclure du conseil au moment de la réorganisation; mais le cardinal, après mûre réflexion, a renoncé à prendre ce parti. Il a eu, je crois, dans cette occasion, quelque égard à ce que je lui ai représenté, que si on renvoyait du conseil le duc d'Orléans, sans pouvoir le convaincre d'aucune faute grave, cette mesure pourrait avoir de grands inconvénients aux yeux du monde, dans le cas où ce prince deviendrait l'héritier de la couronne de France et qu'elle porterait ainsi un coup funeste à l'œuvre sanctionnée par des traités solennels.

Quant au maréchal de Villars, aucun homme, dans sa haute position, n'a jamais été plus grossièrement illettré, ni plus ignorant que lui en politique; sa vanité le porte à croire qu'il sait tout mieux que personne, et il est d'ailleurs trop vaillant pour se mettre à étudier. S'il s'agit de ses talents militaires, qui ont fait toute sa réputation, c'est lui-même qui se charge de les vanter partout de sa propre bouche, tandis qu'il entend les officiers les plus sages et les plus graves, il ne serait plus capable désormais, peut-être à cause de son âge, de rendre aucun bon service. On assure même que si M. le Duc, dont il s'était fait le courtisan le plus servile, était resté aux affaires, il n'aurait pas osé l'employer en temps de guerre; à plus forte raison aujourd'hui faut-il qu'il renonce à un pareil honneur. En additionnant avec tout cela ses infirmités, ce ne peut plus être maintenant qu'un simple zéro; on croit qu'il s'en rend compte lui-même et que cela doit hâter sa fin, car depuis quelque temps sa santé déçoit tous les jours.

M. de Morville, à ses débuts, ne s'entendait guère à la politique étrangère, et il a l'esprit trop étroit pour que le temps et l'expérience puissent jamais faire de lui un homme important, ni rien de plus qu'un commis, bon à recevoir et à exécuter des ordres. Il ne s'y montre même point aussi expéditif qu'on pourrait le désirer, et bien qu'il veuille se donner l'air de faire tout de lui-même, il n'en est pas moins disposé à baisser pavillon devant celui qui a la haute main dans le gouvernement.

The sketch of Lord Walpole's embassy contained in this volume must be taken for what it is worth. It cannot be considered an important contribution to French or European history. But, as a monograph dealing with the relations of the Courts of France and England at a particular epoch, chiefly as viewed from the standpoint of the English ambassador, and giving us a vivid picture of many of the leading statesmen of the earlier days of Louis XV., it possesses considerable interest. On the character of the King himself no new light is thrown, but we have both the person and the policy of Cardinal Fleury depicted under various aspects by a friendly, though a foreign, hand. And the description is highly favourable alike to his head and his heart.

SOCIETY IN MEXICO UNDER MAXIMILIAN.*

Great events ought to be as much dreaded by subscribers to circulating libraries as they are welcomed by readers of newspapers. For every column they yield to the one, they burden the other with a volume; and of all forms of bookmaking, that which deals with occurrences of which the writer has been an accidental and probably unintelligent spectator is perhaps the least profitable. An author who chooses his subject for himself may be presumed to be drawn towards it by some natural preference or some acquired knowledge. An author who writes merely because his subject happens to be talked about is not likely to be influenced by either consideration. In this respect Mexico is, for the moment, a word of very bad omen; and unless the superior attractions of Abyssinia come in the way, it promises to retain this character for some time. Countess Kollonitz's book, however, is not altogether an instance in point. She has really something to tell, though by no means as much as she herself thinks. If the best chapters had been separated from the rest, they would have made a tolerable magazine article. Coupled with a tedious account of the voyage out and home, and with a good deal of useless matter touching the antiquities of Mexico and the current politics of the Imperial Court, they are overweighed by the ballast required to swell them into a book. Readers who begin, and end, with Chapter VI. will certainly not regret the time they have given to it. Their satisfaction will probably grow less in proportion as they go forwards or backwards from that central point. To teach by example as well as by precept, we shall confine ourselves to the picture drawn by Countess Kollonitz of every-day life in the capital. As a contribution to the history of Maximilian's empire her narrative need not occupy us. We gather, indeed, that the French were almost as unpopular with the Mexican Imperialists as with the Mexican Liberals; but of the political information to be gained from it this is about the sum.

A good deal might be written upon the influence of colonization on art. Some portion of whatever progress the Mother-country has made in this respect its citizens usually carry with them to their adopted home; but they seem rarely to work the rich field which is open to them in applying their taste to the new materials that lie around them. In the ordinary appliances of life the indigenous growths of Mexico are almost wholly neglected by the descendants of the Spaniards. "Exploded European productions are used everywhere; furniture and stuffs are brought at great expense across the sea; while the porphyry of the rocks, the woods of the forests, are turned to no account." Consequently, their houses are only a mean reproduction of distant types transplanted to a soil and climate for which they are quite unsuited. "The Empress's drawing-room was exactly like a room in a European hotel." Hybrid races seem as unproductive intellectually as they are physically. This barrenness pervades in various degrees the whole of Mexican life. In character, as in social arrangements, the people are merely a pale copy of their Spanish ancestors. Since the days of their first establishment in the New World the Spanish-Americans have steadily declined. They have forgotten much of what they once knew, and learned but little of what America had to teach them. The women, especially, are "very weak, and there is nothing in their way of life to strengthen and invigorate them." They marry early—usually at fourteen or fifteen—and a family of eighteen children is not an uncommon occurrence. Women who are often little more than infants themselves are not likely to be careful mothers, though Countess Kollonitz describes them as even foolishly affectionate. Her instincts of careful nursing were grievously outraged by the want of proper attention to the children's health. They are dressed up and petted like dolls; but they are carried out in smart clothes to morning promenade when the sun has scarcely risen, and taken to the evening drive after the air has become cold, to "sit half-naked at the carriage windows" in order to gratify the irrational vanity of their parents. At eight or ten years old they are seen, struggling against sleep, at the Opera till past midnight. When they are not serving as playthings, they are left to the care of young Indian girls. Thus brought up, they die in great numbers. We should like to see some statistics, however, before accepting this view unreservedly. Children in the lower ranks seem to suffer but little from insufficient clothing, even when combined with a good many other wants. And it is not clear why colds caused by a parent's vanity should be more fatal than colds caused by a parent's poverty. We can more readily accept the statement that the Mexican children who do survive this exaggerated devotion to low frocks and short petticoats are very precocious. It is, however, to be said in favour of this system of education that its evils are rather negative than positive. Mexican children are singularly gentle and quiet. "Chez nous," said a French nun to Countess Kollonitz, "ce sont de petits diables, mais ici ce sont de petits anges." But little angels do not seem the right stuff to make men and women out of. "A douze ans ils n'avancent plus."

The life of a Mexican lady is very much what might be expected from the bringing up of a Mexican child. They rise early, go to mass, and thence to the Alameda, where they "march slowly up and down, and sit and chatter upon the stone benches." The rest of the morning is spent in bathing, walking up and down the terraces of their houses to dry their long hair, dressing, and playing with their children. The afternoon is devoted to visiting their friends, and about six they go in full evening dress to drive

in the Paseo. The theatre is the usual resource at night, or else they have little informal parties called "tertulias," where they play cards or dance with a few intimate friends. They never take up a book or any kind of work, and with the exception of three facts—that their ancestors came from Spain, that their clothes come from Paris, and that the Pope rules at Rome—they are absolutely ignorant of Europe. Countess Kollonitz was especially hurt at their believing that French was the native tongue of the Germans. On the other hand, they are extremely affectionate, and family relationships are maintained with great care. By a curious inversion of European habits a Mexican girl rarely leaves her father's house when she marries. The common plan is for the son-in-law to be adopted into his wife's family, and this goes on till the house is full of relations of all degrees of remoteness. Partly perhaps by reason of the barrier thus interposed between them and the outer world, the Mexican wives do not deserve, according to Countess Kollonitz, the bad reputation sometimes attributed to them. They are "nearly always retiring, and with a presuming stranger, rigid even to prudishness." There is no proof of this so striking, adds the Countess, as the discontent of the French. "Once, when I asked a young Parisian who had been sent to Mexico as a punishment for great extravagance, why it was supposed that gentlemen would spend less money there than in France, I received for reply, 'A Paris on ne se ruine que pour les femmes, tandis qu'à Mexico elles n'existent pas pour nous.'" To compensate by anticipation for this strictness, they enjoy very great freedom before marriage. One relationship between the sexes is peculiar to Mexico. A man may pay a girl certain attentions, may ride with her, walk with her, sit by her side at the theatre, and escort her wherever an escort is needed, without being considered to be engaged to her. He is simply her "novio." If the young lady chooses, she may even have several novios at a time, nor has any one of these the right to complain if his privileges are suddenly transferred in whole or in part to one of his rivals. The French officers showed great promptitude in adapting themselves to this novel relationship, and even formed a French verb from the Spanish substantive—"noviotter" from "novio"—in order to express the relationship it implies. "Le Capitaine un tel noviotte Mademoiselle Lupita ou Concha" is a very ordinary way of speech. Either because the French presumed on the intimacies thus accorded, or because the superseded Mexicans got the ear of Mademoiselle Lupita or Concha's family, these intrusions seem to have been more agreeable to the young ladies than to their friends. "This," says the Countess, "led to many disagreeable family scenes." Probably, like other venerable institutions, the "novio" does not bear grafting upon the habits of another race.

The Mexicans are, for the most part, a temperate and abstemious people. Wine or beer is rarely taken. Coffee grows abundantly, but "it is so badly prepared that it is almost impossible to drink it." Chocolate, on the contrary, is very good; but it is always "highly spiced with cinnamon." In many families there are no regular meal times. You eat when you are hungry, or when you can get food. Where food does appear at fixed intervals there are always some additional places laid, "as some relation or friend is sure to drop in." The cookery is uninviting, partly perhaps from the quantity of lard which is used in every dish. "Tortillas" and "Frijoles" take a prominent place at the tables of rich and poor." The first is a kind of thin paste cake; the second, a little black bean, which, after long boiling, becomes chocolate-coloured, and then makes "a very good and tasty food." Cookery in Mexico is managed on the principle on which clothes are usually washed in English towns. The cooks "live out of the house, and provide the meals of several families." The servants are chiefly Indian girls, men-servants being very rarely met with. In the houses show is more important than comfort. The principal reception-rooms are fitted with handsome furniture, gilding of all kinds being in great repute; but the rooms ordinarily occupied by the family, and especially the bed-rooms, "are often wanting in neatness and cleanliness, and overcrowding is common to an extent which might have been thought insupportable in a hot climate. The mother and five daughters will all sleep in one small apartment." According to Countess Kollonitz, the Mexicans lead very regular lives, moderation being one of their chief virtues. The exceptions to this rule are two. They are inveterate thieves and gamblers. Perhaps both these vices may be the results of their incorrigible indolence. Play and robbery are both easier ways of making money than hard work. It is curious to note the differences between the Mexican and the American of the Southern States. In point of acquired knowledge of any kind not immediately useful, they are pretty much on a level; nor is there much to choose between them in respect of morality or industry. But the vices of the American of the States are the vices of a strong nature. He carries into them the characteristic energy which has done so much in building up his nation. The vices of the Mexican are all founded on weakness. He is wicked, not so much from set purpose as from want of energy to be anything better. Consequently there is nothing to be made of him. Untrained passions may be broken in and turned to useful account; but the listlessness which is never roused except by a passing excitement is the worst possible material for the legislator, or even for the conqueror who is not prepared to be the exterminator as well. Maximilian might have done something with a race that was strong as well as vicious. He could only fail utterly with a race that was vicious because it was weak.

* *The Court of Mexico.* By the Countess Paula Von Kollonitz. Translated by J. E. Ollivant. London: Saunders, Odey, & Co. 1867.

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A. Bisschop. The two grandest Landscape Paintings in Modern Art. Sold for £8,000, and lately exhibited to Her Majesty by Royal Command. ON VIEW for a limited period at T. McLEAN'S NEW GALLERY, 7 Haymarket.—Admission, 1s.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.—TUESDAY EVENING

LECTURES.
THE SECOND LECTURE of the Series will be delivered on January 14, at 8.30 p.m., by GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A. Subject: THE LAST REPUBLICANS OF ROME.

The subsequent Lectures will be as follows:
February 11.—Professor WILLIAMSON, F.R.S. Subject: EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE IN RELATION TO GENERAL EDUCATION.

March 10.—GEORGE E. STREET, A.R.A. Subject: THE CONNECTION OF ARCHITECTURE and PAINTING.

May 12.—Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, F.R.S. Subject: SAVAGES and the PRIMITIVE CONDITION OF MAN.

June 9.—Professor MASSON, M.A. Subject: WHAT WE KNOW OF SHAKESPEARE PERSONALLY.

Tickets for the Course, which are transferable, and will admit either Ladies or Gentlemen, may be obtained at the Office of the College, price 10s. 6d. The Proceeds will be paid over to the Fund now being raised for erecting the South Wing of the College.

January 3, 1868. JOHN ROBSON, Secretary to the Council.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The

FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING of the Fellows of this Society will be held at their Rooms, 4 St. Martin's Place, W.C., on Tuesday, the 14th instant, at 4 p.m., precisely, for the purpose of receiving a Report from the Council, and for the Election of Officers and Council for the Year 1868; after which, Obituary Notices will be read as follows:

DR. BOUDIN, by E. W. BRANCOCK, Esq., F.S.A., F.A.S.L.
SIR WILLIAM LAWRENCE, Bart., by Dr. JAMES HOLT, F.S.A., F.A.S.L.
DR. F. C. NOTT, Hon. F.A.S.L., by KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, Esq., F.S.A., F.A.S.L.

The ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS will then be delivered by the Rev. DUNBAR J. HEATH, M.A., F.A.S.L., Treasurer.

The ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Fellows of this Society and their Friends will take place afterwards at St. James's Hall, Regent Street, at 5 o'clock p.m. precisely. Tickets may be had, each 2s., at 4 St. Martin's Place, of

J. FREDERICK COLLINGWOOD, Secretary.

JUNIOR ATHENÆUM.—Notice is Hereby Given, that an

EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Members will be held in the Club House, on Tuesday, the 29th of January, at Three o'clock p.m., for the purpose of nominating a new Committee according to Rule 15, of Amending the Rules, and of receiving a Report from the present Committee recommending the Purchase of Freehold Premises, now for Sale, for the future Club House.

By Order of the Committee,
29 King Street, St. James's Square. GEORGE R. WRIGHT, F.S.A., Secretary.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE on EDUCATION, Town Hall,

Manchester, January 15 and 16, 1868.

Presidents.
The Right Hon. H. A. BRUCE, M.P. | W. E. FORSTER, Esq., M.P.

The Conference will be open to Delegates of Localities and Public Bodies who are favourable to a National System of Primary Instruction supported by Local Rates and under Local Administration.

The business of the first day will be to discuss the Principles of the Bill introduced last Session by the Right Hon. H. A. Bruce, W. E. Forster, Esq., and the Hon. A. Egerton, M.P., together with any desirable modifications of the Rules of the Committee of Council.

The business of the second day will be to discuss Clauses proposed to be moved for in Committee by Thos. Bazley, Esq., M.P., giving power to School Committees to compel the attendance of neglected children.

Further information may be had on application to Mr. THOS. BROWNING, Secretary of the Conference Committee, York Chambers, Manchester.

CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.—Open to

Competition on February 3, 1868, and the Two following days.

TWO SENIOR SCHOLARSHIPS (open to all Boys under 16, on January 1, 1868), value £70 per annum, tenable during residence in the School.

FOUR JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS (open to all Boys under 14, on January 1, 1868). Two of the value of £35, and Two of £20, per annum, tenable in the School for Three Years.

For all particulars of Examination apply to the SECRETARY, at the College, before January 15.

TAUNTON COLLEGE SCHOOL.—Founded A.D. 1522, by

Bishop FOX.

President.—The Right Honourable Lord TAUNTON.

Head-Master.—Rev. W. TUCKWELL, M.A., late Fellow of New College, Oxford.

Boys prepared for the Universities, for Woolwich, for the Indian and Civil Service Examinations.

The Course includes the Classics, the Mathematics, English and the Modern Languages, and Physical Science.

In addition to annual Local Exhibitions, Two Scholarships are offered to general competition by the College.

An Election to Two Scholarships of £20 a year each, tenable by Boarders who shall not at the time of election be more than Sixteen Years Old, will be held at the College School, on the 30th of January, 1868. For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

The School is situated in the Vale of Taunton Dean, well known for its salubrity, and is One Mile from a Central Station on the Bristol and Exeter Railway.

Terms and Prospectus forwarded on application to the HEAD-MASTER.

KENSINGTON PROPRIETARY SCHOOL.

Patron.—The Rt. Hon. and Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of LONDON.

President.—The Venerable Archdeacon SINCLAIR, Vicar of Kensington.

Head-Master.—The Rev. J. B. MAYOR, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Second-Master.—The Rev. G. FROST, M.A., late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. Assisted by Sixteen other Masters in Classics, Mathematics, English Literature, Modern Languages, &c.—Particulars as to Admission, Terms, &c., may be obtained from the HEAD-MASTER, 27 Kensington Square, W.; or by letter to the Secretary, the Rev. J. P. GILL, M.A., 25 Kensington Square, W.

School Reopens Thursday, January 22, 1868, at 9 a.m.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE FOR LADIES, 115 Gloucester

Terrace, Hyde Park.

Classes under Signor Garcia, Mrs. Street, Signor Traventi, J. Benedict, Esq., F. Præzer, Esq., C. Mangold, Esq., J. B. Chatterton, Esq., Madame Louise Michau, M. A. Roche, Dr. Heumann, Signor Volpe, J. Radford, Esq., Miss Maria Harrison, Cave Thomas, Esq., Rev. J. Kirkman, H. D. Rowe, Esq., &c. &c.

The JUNIOR TERM began January 5.

The SENIOR TERM begins January 25.

Prospectus, containing Terms, &c., may be had on application to the LADY RESIDENT.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE INSTITUTION for LADIES,

Tufnell Park, Camden Road, London. The ensuing TERM opens January 21.

Fee for Residents in Finishing School, Sixty Guineas per annum; Fee for Residents in Middle School, Forty Guineas per annum; Fee for Residents in Elementary School, Thirty Guineas per annum: Payment reckoned from Entrance.

Governess Students received. Certificates granted.

For Prospectus, with List of Rev. Patrons and Lady Patronesses, address Mrs. Monal, Lady Principal, at the College.

NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL for LADIES,

12 and 14 Camden Street, N.W. Under the Patronage of the Lord Bishop of LONDON, the Vicar and Clergy of St. Pancras, &c. The School will RE-OPEN on Friday, January 17.

TUNBRIDGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—The Rev. J.

LANCHBORN, A.M., Assistant-Master, takes BOARDERS for this School at moderate terms. This School offers very great advantages.

RAMSGATE COLLEGE SCHOOL.—The TERM for 1868

will commence January 28.—A Prospectus of the Terms, with full particulars, and the Honour List, may be obtained on application to the Principal, the Rev. Dr. PLANTAG, Chatham House, Ramsgate.

COLFE'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Lewisham Hill, Blackheath.

Head-Master.—Rev. T. BRAMLEY, M.A., Queen's Coll. Oxford. A sound CLASSICAL EDUCATION with modern Subjects.—For Terms, &c., apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

EDGECOMB HOUSE, Newbold Terrace, Leamington.—

PUPILS prepared for the Military and Civil Examinations, and Public Schools. A Class formed for Sandhurst for December 1868. Next Term commences February 1. Number of Pupils small. Magnificent House, in the best situation.—Apply for Prospectus and Examination Papers, to the PRINCIPAL.

CLAPHAM COMMON.—EDUCATION for YOUNG

LADIES.—Mrs. JOHN GILL will be glad to see her RESIDENT PUPILS again on the 24th inst. On Monday the 27th, Classes will be resumed by Mrs. GILL and the following Professors: Singing.—Mrs. Pyne Galton, The Piano-forte.—Mr. Walter Macfarren, R.A.M. The Organ and Sacred Choral Music.—Mr. W. H. Monk, Organist of King's College. The German Language, Arithmetic, Mathematics, and Physical Geography.—M. Adolphe Sennenschein, Junior German.—Herr Matthay, French.—Mademoiselle de Gasparay, French Examiner.—M. Adolphe Sennenschein, Latin.—Rev. J. E. Bengough, M.A. Dancing and Calisthenics.—Mrs. Marshall-Burch, Queen's College. Writing.—Mr. E. Hardy.

17 Cedars Road, Clapham Common.

CIVIL SERVICE HALL, 12 Princes Square, Bayswater, W.,

for the Preparation of GENTLEMEN for the India and Home Civil Services, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and all other Competitive Examinations. References to numerous successful Candidates. Principal.—A. D. SPRANGE, Esq., M.A.

CIVIL SERVICE and ARMY.—Mr. W. M. LUPTON

(Author of "English History and Arithmetic for Competitive Examinations") has GENTLEMEN preparing for all Departments of both Services.—Address, 14 Beaufort Buildings, Strand.

MILITARY EDUCATION.—CANDIDATES are prepared

for the Army and the several Public Examinations by Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., late Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain in the Royal Military College, Addiscombe.—Address, Bromsgrove House, Croydon.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the LINE, the UNIVER-

SITIES, and the CIVIL SERVICE.—EIGHT PUPILS are prepared for the above by the Rev. G. R. ROBERTS, M.A., late Fellow of Cor. Christi Coll. Cam., and late Professor in the R. I. M. College, Addiscombe.—Address, Croydon, S.

WOOLWICH, CIVIL SERVICE, SANDHURST, and

LINE.—Rev. Dr. HUGHES, Wrangler (Joh. Coll. Cam.), receives into his House TWELVE PUPILS for the above. Has passed over 300.—Castlebar Court, Ealing, W.

WOOLWICH.—Mr. J. ASHTON, M.A. (Fifth Wrangler),

Cambridge, and Fellow of University College, prepares TEN RESIDENT PUPILS for the Competitive Examination for admission to the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Terms moderate. Mr. Ashton has had much experience and success in preparing Pupils for this Examination.—141 Gloucester Road, Regent's Park, N.W.

PREPARATION for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—BOYS are

specially prepared for Eton, Winchester, and other Public Schools, at Risley School, Derbyshire. The Head-Master (in Holy Orders, and a Graduate in First-class Classical Honours at Oxford) will have a few Vacancies in his House after Christmas. Terms, inclusive, 100 Guineas. The School is situated in one of the healthiest and most picturesque parts of Derbyshire. There is a Cricket Field of forty acres, and every convenience for a First-class School.

PREPARATION for PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The Rev. A. L.

HUSSEY, M.A., late of Radley College, receives a limited number at Peterley House, near N. Mendenham, Bucks; very healthfully placed Four miles from High Wycombe Station, G. W. R.

PREPARATION for OXFORD.—MATRICULATION.—

RESPONSES.—A MARRIED CLERGYMAN (Classman, M.A. Oxford), of much experience in Tuition, has Two Vacancies. He takes FOUR PUPILS. Residence an hour from Oxford. Highest references.—Apply to Messrs. STONE & HARTLEY, Banbury, Oxfordshire.